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America's Would-Be Dictator

Ken Bode on Huey Long

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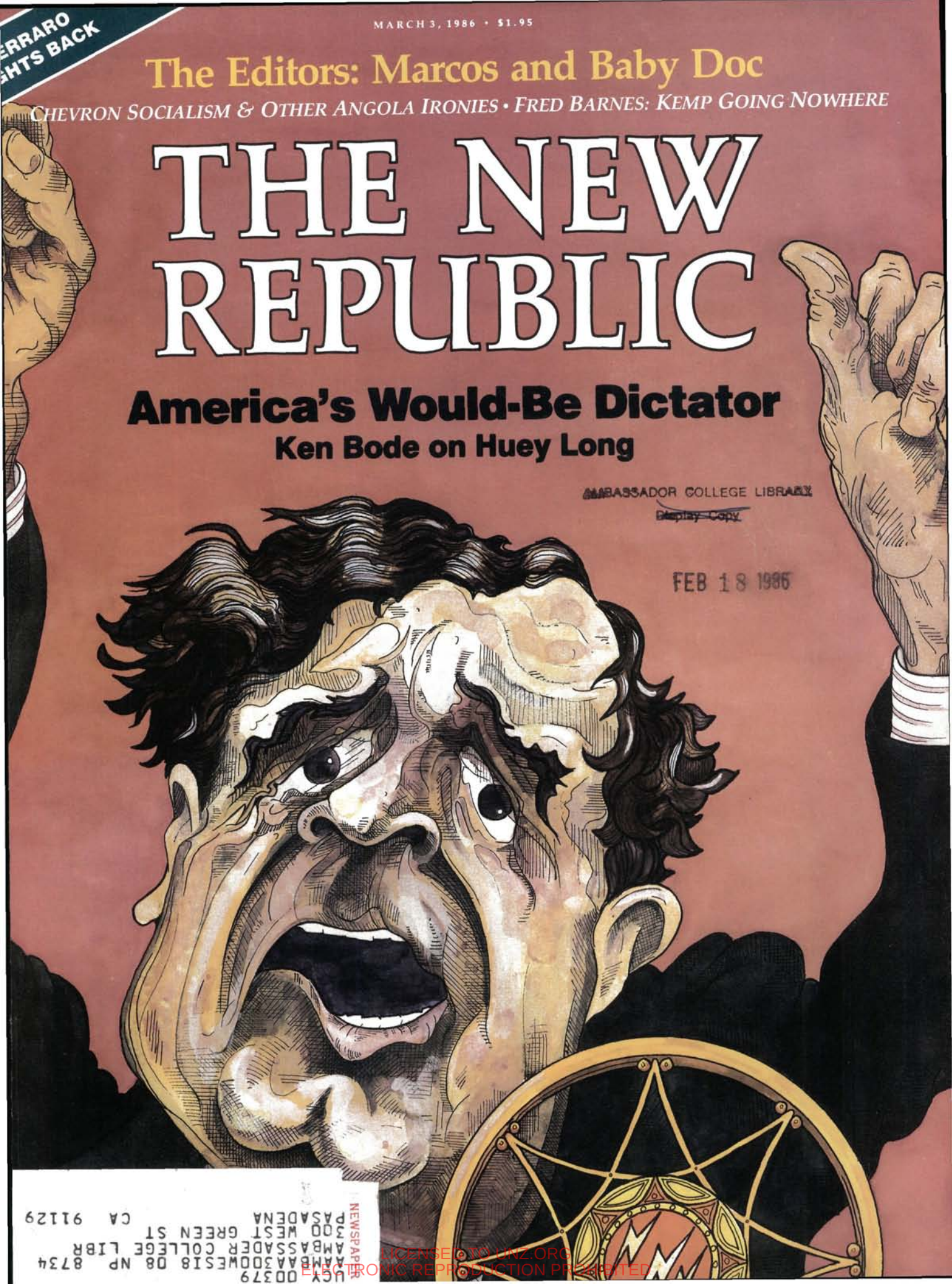

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For the millions of Americans who cannot read a street sign, a warning label, or a job application, illiteracy is a terrible personal tragedy. For the nation, the cost of illiteracy runs to tens of billions of dollars a year in unemployment, crime, welfare, and substandard job performance.

Federal studies estimate that as many as 23 million adult Americans are functionally illiterate. Another 35 million are classified as semi-literate, and the numbers are growing. To help America fight adult illiteracy, ABC and the Public Broadcasting Service have begun an unprecedented national collaboration—Project Literacy U.S., (PLUS).

An American PLUS

The goals of PLUS are to heighten national awareness of the problem and to increase local efforts to provide help for illiterates within our communities.

PLUS has two major phases:

Outreach development—ABC and PBS will work with national organizations, national and local companies, and local groups to expand community task forces and teaching centers. Outreach development, with participation by local PBS and ABC affiliated stations, will continue throughout the summer.

On-air programming—Beginning in September, ABC and PBS will provide national coverage of the illiteracy problem in news and information programs, plus public service announcements. ABC dramatic programming will play a role in PLUS through programs designed to raise awareness of illiteracy among viewers. ABC Radio will also play a major role.

Supplemental local programming will be provided by PBS and ABC affiliated stations, which will work with others in their communities to encourage those who need help to seek it and those who can provide help to volunteer. We at ABC and PBS have volunteered our time and resources because we believe television's ability to communicate images, ideas, and information can be of great help in conquering illiteracy in America. If you or your organization want more information, write to: PLUS, Box 2, 4802 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh, PA 15213.

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FROM WASHINGTON

DEMOCRATS AND DEFICITS

President Reagan has proposed a budget that ostensibly meets the Gramm-Rudman timetable for balance by 1991. You can quibble with his economic forecast and his defense accounting, but there's no question his budget would seriously reduce the deficit, mainly through sharp domestic spending cuts. What is the Democratic response? Less for defense, sure, but that alone won't save enough. A tax increase? The mangled ghost of Walter Mondale warns against this alternative.

For half a decade the Democrats have been trapped in the tiresome—and traditionally Republican—role of Cassandra, warning of fiscal disaster ahead, while the party in power basks in sunny optimism. With no politically easy alternative to Reagan's spending cuts, it's especially tempting right now to pull a great switcheroo. Various arguments have been coursing through the nation's Op-Ed pages recently, propelled mostly by liberals, that the fiscal crisis has been exaggerated and no painful adjustments are necessary. (A recent Tom Wicker column was titled "The Deficit Straw Man.") In the weeks ahead, Democrats may find this proposition hard to resist. They should try.

One argument, advanced by Professor Robert Eisner of Northwestern University, is that standard deficit accounting doesn't take into account the effect of inflation on the national debt. The official deficit for the four Carter years, for example, was $153 billion. But inflation was simultaneously reducing the value of the entire national debt, including the billions the government already owed. Eisner calculates that Carter actually ran a four-year surplus of $72 billion.

Pretty neat. It's true that in the past we have inflated away the value of government bonds as fast as we've issued them. In 1984 the real value of the national debt was almost exactly what it had been in 1946, despite $800 billion of deficits in the interim.

Trouble is, this rather nasty trick on bondholders only works if interest rates are lower than the inflation rate. Once lenders catch on, as they have done long since, they begin to demand an interest rate that covers the risk of inflation. When that happens, the debt compounds faster than inflation can erode it away. At four percent inflation, our two-trillion-dollar national debt is losing value at the rate of $80 billion a year. Interest costs alone, meanwhile, are adding to it at a rate of $150 billion a year.

A second argument is that the deficit would be much less alarming if the government kept its books like a business, adding the value of assets it buys as it subtracts the money used to pay for them. It's a valid critique of Reagan's philosophy of government in general, and his budget cuts in particular, that he doesn't appreciate how government spending can be an investment that pays off rather than money down the drain. This includes not just bridges and highways but more amorphous goods such as education and public health. Furthermore, a so-called "capital budget" would reveal the utter fraud of reducing the deficit by "privatizing" (i.e., selling) income-producing government assets, which is investment in reverse.

However, a capital budget is no comfort regarding the deficit. The proportion of government spending that can legitimately be called "investment" has shrunk even as the deficit has grown. Infrastructure spending has gone down 13 percent during the Reagan years, while education and research also have been cut. What's increased, apart from defense, is transfer payments to the middle class. And where is the Democrat with the courage to complain about that? A truly businesslike government balance sheet would have to reflect the new obligations the government takes on every year—future Social Security payments, for example—as well as the money it actually pays out. By that calculation, the 1985 deficit was actually over $300 billion.

A third source of false comfort is that the deficit is only about five percent of our gross national product, compared to 25 percent at the height of World War II. Wartime is exceptional, of course.

continued on page 41

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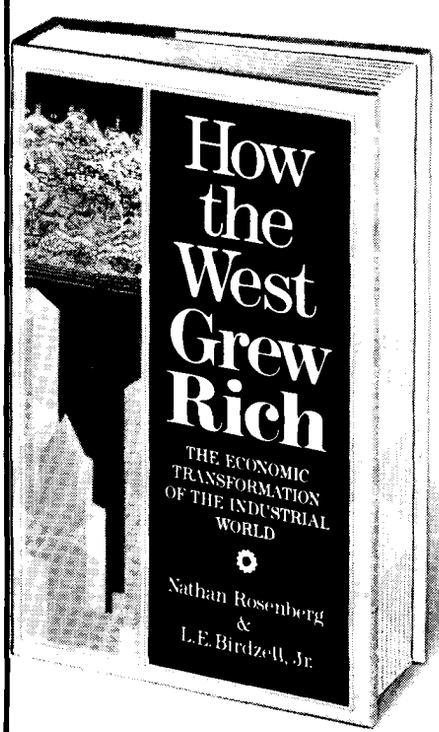

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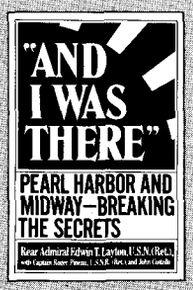

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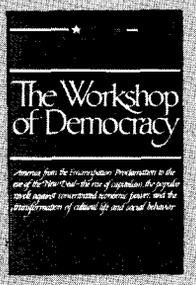

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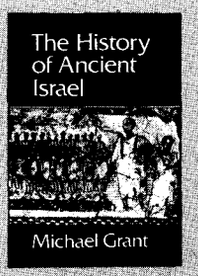

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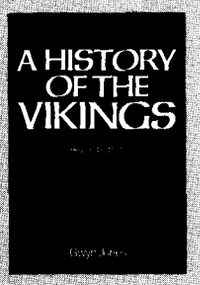

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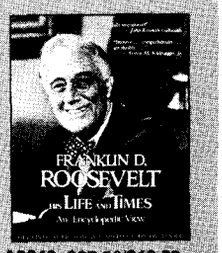

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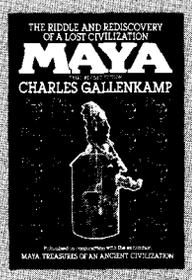

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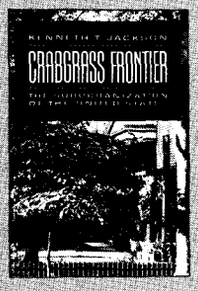

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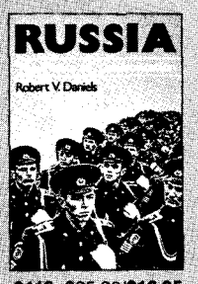

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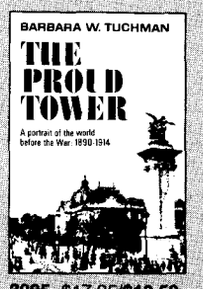

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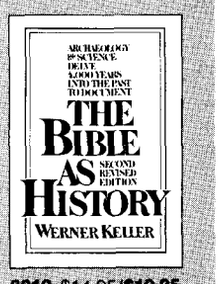

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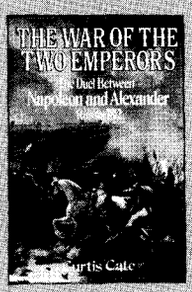

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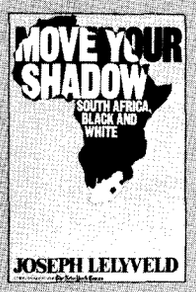

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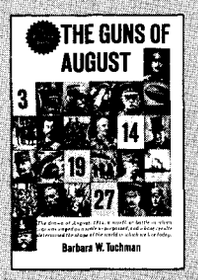

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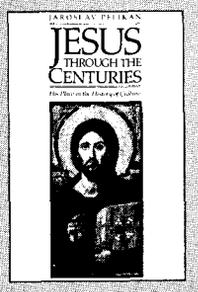

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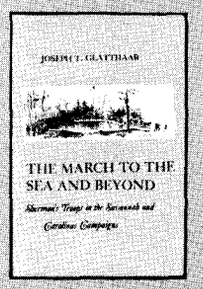

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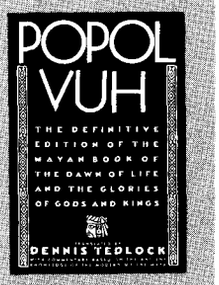

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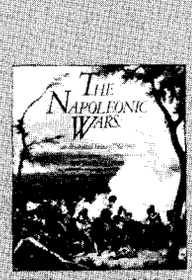

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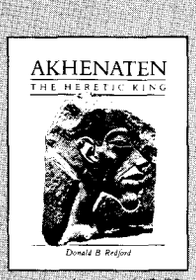

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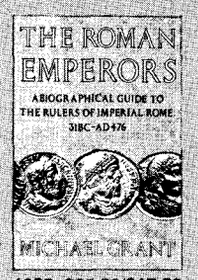

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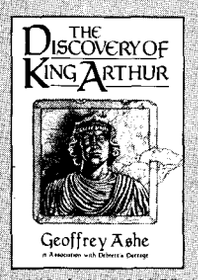

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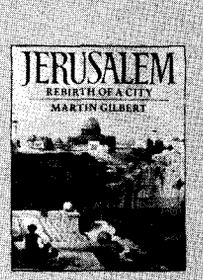

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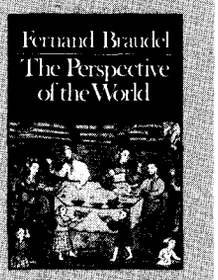

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ABORTION DISTORTION

To the editors:

Given the breathless assurance with which Tony Kaye declares the arrival of RU-486 ("Are You for RU-486?" January 27), opposing it may be like holding back the sea with your hands. Our society prides itself on building better mousetraps, and this one certainly sounds like a humdinger. But count me, a pro-abortion advocate, among those who believe Americans have become "numb to the moral aspects of abortion." However reluctantly, I credit the right-to-life movement with keeping abortion from being an easy decision. Anything like RU-486 that makes short work—or no work—of the decision of whether or not to carry a pregnancy to its full term is one I view with great trepidation.

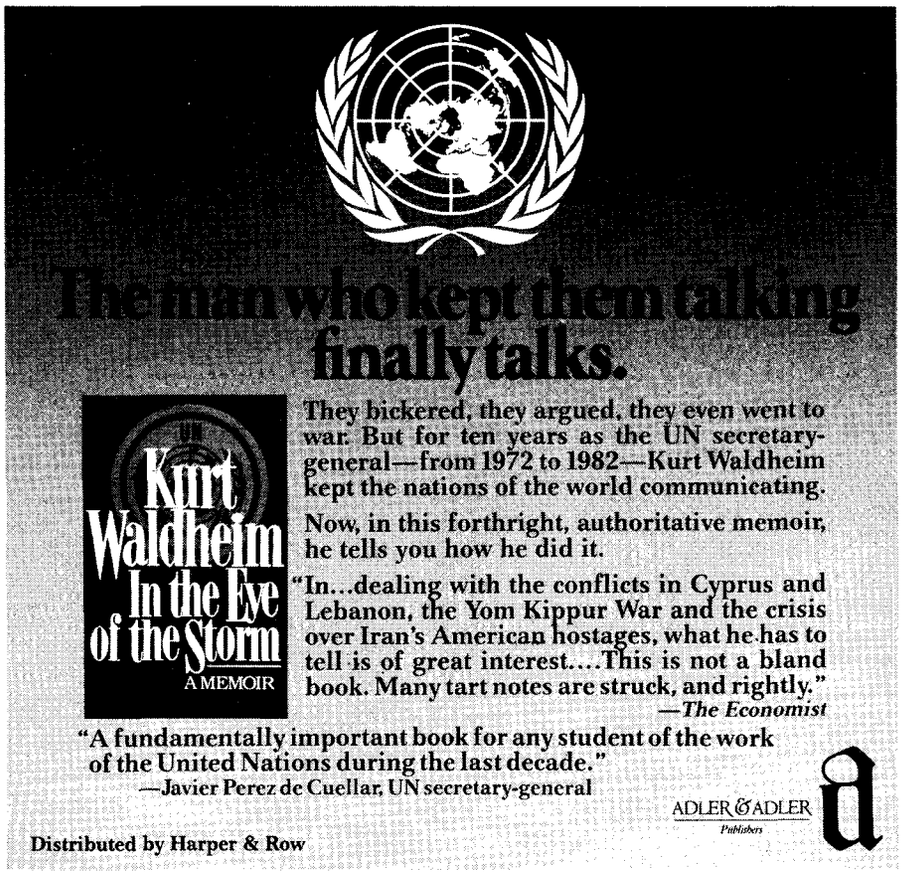
RODNEY WELCH
Elgin, South Carolina

To the editors:

Tony Kaye suggests that "unless you believe in infanticide, your stand on abortion depends on when you think life begins." Framing the question in life/death terms automatically reduces defenders of reproductive liberty to a stale, quasi-scientific debate that they will lose because of the fear of uncertainty. The bright line of conception is an attractive standard for those who don't know when life begins, but who want to avoid "infanticide" above all else.

Logically—though perhaps not viscerally—it makes more sense to regard the abortion problem as one of equal protection under the law. Under no circumstances does Anglo-American law require that a father give of his own body to save the life of his child. A court cannot, for example, compel a father to give blood or bone marrow—both renewable tissues—to his dying offspring, even if he is the only available and suitable donor. A law against abortion, however, effectively requires the mother to give of her body to save the life of the fetus. Why should we impose such a "duty to rescue" upon pregnant mothers when we are consistently unwilling to demand analogous commitments from fathers (or mothers) of living children?

JACK HENNEMAN
Ann Arbor, Michigan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OILY HINDSIGHT

To the editors:

I read with interest Daniel Yergin's article on OPEC, "A Good Sweating" (February 17). The last time I read anything by Yergin was seven years ago—his book *Energy Future*, which he co-authored with Robert Stobaugh. If you compare *Energy Future* with his latest effort in your magazine, you will find that the treatment of the subjects of oil, energy, and America's hindsight have nothing in common. With the benefit of hindsight, Yergin today writes as if everybody should have known that the oil boom could not have lasted and that people were obviously fools to invest in oil during the late 1970s. Yet in *Energy Future*, Yergin and Stobaugh concluded that the real price of oil would continue to increase for as long as one could care to imagine and that Saudi Arabia would continue to control the world oil market for the same period.

Maybe people who made the oil-related investments that Yergin now criticizes read his previous book.

FREDRICK D. PALMER
Western Fuels Association Inc.
Washington, D.C.

DISTRICT METAPHYSICS

To the editors:

In a recent conference in Oxford on American politics, two speakers—one American, the other British, both well qualified to speak of the Washington scene—used the expression: "In Washington, the perception *is* the reality."

Since this appears to be a widespread impression, I write to ask whether any of your readers can tell me: (a) what it means; (b) what it means with reference to Washington that it does not mean with reference to, say, Moscow, Beijing, Damascus, Jerusalem, or Tripoli; and (c) what can be done about it.

J. R. POLE
St. Catherine's College
Oxford, England

INDIAN RESERVATIONS

To the editors:

One continues to run into odd references to India and Indians in TNR, but surely the oddest is Henry Fairlie's effort to link the fight for freedom abroad

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
MARCH 3, 1986

DON'T BLINK

Public diplomacy is back. The Reagan administration has taken up a practice it once shunned: openly airing American differences with less than democratic allies. From Chile to Haiti to South Africa to the Philippines, the United States in recent months has spoken out—and sometimes acted—against pro-Western dictatorships, mainly by open support of moderate democratic forces. The administration has decided wisely that the best way to protect U.S. interests is not blind endorsement of any anti-communist dictatorship. It has chosen instead to promote American strategic and moral goals by vigorously encouraging peaceful transitions to democracy. But as the deepening Philippines crisis demonstrates, the art of public diplomacy is a demanding one.

In Haiti the administration acquitted itself well. When rioting broke out against the regime of President-for-Life Jean-Claude Duvalier, the administration suspended aid on human rights grounds. That was a motion of no-confidence. As rioting spread, Secretary of State George Shultz urged that "the type of government there and elsewhere [be] put there by a democratic process." That was a vote of no-confidence.

By making this pronouncement on U.S. network television, Shultz accomplished two things that a traditional private diplomatic message could not: he committed the United States to the goals of the opposition, thereby shifting Haiti's center of political gravity away from Duvalier. He also dispelled any hope in Duvalier's mind that the United States might condone a violent crackdown to save the regime. The State Department acted nimbly to encourage, then arrange, Duvalier's departure, and helped to install a civilian-military junta that quickly pledged itself to a democratic constitution.

If only it were so easy in the Philippines. Unlike Haiti, the country has both major geopolitical importance to the United States and a substantial communist insurgency. Ferdinand Marcos, who also seems to regard himself as a president-for-life, has proved complacent about the growth of the New Peoples Army and contemptuous of the country's democratic institutions. Stephen Bosworth, ambassador to the Philippines, and other Reagan policymakers have recognized for at least two years that Marcos is, in every sense, a frail defense for valuable assets. "Quiet diplomacy" had dismally failed to get Marcos to reform himself and his regime. So the administration chose instead to encourage publicly a democratic process that could install a sturdier government.

President Carter's mishandling of succession crises in Iran and Nicaragua highlights the obvious risks of such public approach. Public diplomacy is counterproductive if it merely carps. When the United States attempts to shift the political center of gravity, it must shift it to more solid ground, not to an illusion of a democratic center, as Carter tried to in Iran. The administration seems to understand this. In Haiti, even a cobbled-together coalition is more solid than Duvalier's government. In Chile, the broad array of democratic parties with which the administration has unmistakably aligned itself could govern effectively if ever given the chance by the Pinochet dictatorship. And in the Philippines, the country's long democratic and pro-American political traditions are—potentially—strong enough to guarantee democracy and stability after Marcos is gone.

But ostensibly pro-Western dictators have a vested interest in sticking the United States with the Hobson's choice of authoritarian dictatorship or communist totalitarianism. Marcos, an almost stereotypical tyrant in his greed, megalomania, and cleverness, wants to impale the United States on this dilemma. By orchestrating the massive election-day intimidation and fraud, he has robbed Filipino democratic forces of their only means of gaining power, the vote. By rendering his most immediate foes irrelevant, he wants to force the United States to choose between him and civil war.

Quiet diplomacy only further entangles the United States in this trap. The earlier the United States extricates itself, the earlier it can align itself with the democratic forces that best protect American ideals and interests. As Shirley Christian observes in her book *Nicaragua: Revolution in the Family*, if President Carter had identified the United States with the democratic Nicaraguan opposition

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earlier, the accession of the Sandinistas might well have been blocked or slowed.

But Carter committed an even larger mistake in Nicaragua, and those lessons are especially germane in the Philippines. Carter went eyeball-to-eyeball with Somoza—and then blinked. After months of public diplomacy criticizing Somoza's regime, Carter in December 1978 finally demanded that Somoza begin a transition to a new government. Somoza stalled, offering trivial concessions, and Carter didn't press hard. It seems Carter had moral qualms about bringing down another government, no matter how corrupt, no matter how inimical to U.S. interests.

Reagan's first reaction to the Philippine elections was unfortunately close to a Carter blink. On February 10 the president downplayed the reports of vote fraud, saying, "Even in elections in our own country there is some evidence of fraud in places and areas." As Senator Richard Lugar, the head of the U.S. observer team, said in a White House meeting the next day, Reagan's equivocations threatened to squander the achievements of his public diplomacy, and not only in the Philippines. After doing so much to engage Marcos in the democratic process, the administration would now undermine its credibility everywhere by acquiescing in the humiliation of the Filipino democrats.

Marcos is obviously counting on the United States to back down from its public commitment to the democratic process. Reagan must not be intimidated by Marcos's bluff. The Philippines is a nation in which a large, strong "third force" has found itself in the candidacy of Corazon Aquino. Indeed, it has in a sense been created as a political force by this election. It may now be cheated, but it has not been defeated. It must be dealt with, if not by Marcos, then by the United States. Should Marcos claim a fraudulent victory, as now seems likely, he should be denounced by the administration and urged to step down, in favor of Aquino or his own vice president, who would function as a transitional figure to a political arrangement that, at the very least, includes Aquino and her supporters. We would also have to rely on reformist elements in the army as central to such an arrangement, something Carter was loath to do in Iran. Sentimentality of this sort can undermine the best intentions and the clearest interests. Public diplomacy now faces its most critical test in the Philippines. It's time to make Marcos blink.

Arafat And Hussein

News. The latest Arafat-Hussein negotiations on how to negotiate an offer to negotiate with Israel have broken down. And now, reports the *Washington Post* on February 7, "diplomatic sources" say that Hussein is "rapidly losing patience with Arafat." It seems that Hussein has been rapidly losing patience with Yasir Arafat for as long as one can remember. Yet he never runs out. Of course, he can't. If he did, he would have to face across the Jordan River and begin negotiations with Israel. And that Hussein will not do.

Another hope for a Middle East breakthrough has evaporated. Yet the mystery is not the evaporation but the hope. Western "diplomatic sources" are continually disappointed that Arafat won't allow Hussein to talk, and that Hussein won't talk till allowed. Why? Arafat, committed to an interim Palestinian state from which to continue the war against Israel, does not have the desire to make peace. And Hussein, whose bows and scrapes to Assad of Syria are only his latest attempts to buy protection, does not have the courage.

This odd couple will continue the absurd dance that in the West carries the title "peace process." The differences between Arafat and Hussein appear small. Hussein wants PLO recognition of U.N. Security Council resolutions 242 and 338. The most Arafat will admit to is recognition of "all U.N. resolutions" on the Middle East. Western knaves and naïfs, from Pete McCloskey to "diplomatic sources," have viewed Arafat's position as hopeful movement. It is not. It is merely a translation of Palestinian irredentism into U.N.-ese. "All U.N. resolutions" is code for rejecting Israel's right to exist, because "all U.N. resolutions" is meant to include not just those of the Security Council but the mass of General Assembly resolutions that for 15 years have provided the text for the worldwide campaign to delegitimize Israel. (One of these is the notorious "Zionism is racism" resolution.) Arafat's is a tricky formulation that Westerners often miss. Those who live in the Middle East do not.

Nor, we are pleased to note, does the administration. Given Arafat's disingenuous pseudo-recognition, the United States correctly refused to deal with him. It continues to demand explicit recognition of 242 and 338. We don't believe that even if Arafat uttered the magic numbers it would make any difference. His goals, his charter, his allies and henchmen would remain unchanged. But our doubts are not about to be tested. Yet another "last chance for peace," as the king likes to call them during his Western swings, has evaporated in Amman. For Israel, under a prime minister eager to talk peace with Jordanians and Palestinians, the siege continues.

Notebook

□ JUDICIAL RESTRAINT, ANYONE? Three federal judges, including a likely Reagan Supreme Court nominee, have invalidated the key section of the Gramm-Rudman budget law. In all that's been said and written about this decision, we have heard no complaint from conservatives about what is, after all, a pretty brazen exercise of judicial activism. The rather technical grounds for this major interference in public policy is that Gramm-Rudman invests executive-type authority in the comptroller general, a congressional appointee, thereby violating the separation of powers. This constitutional interpretation may not be

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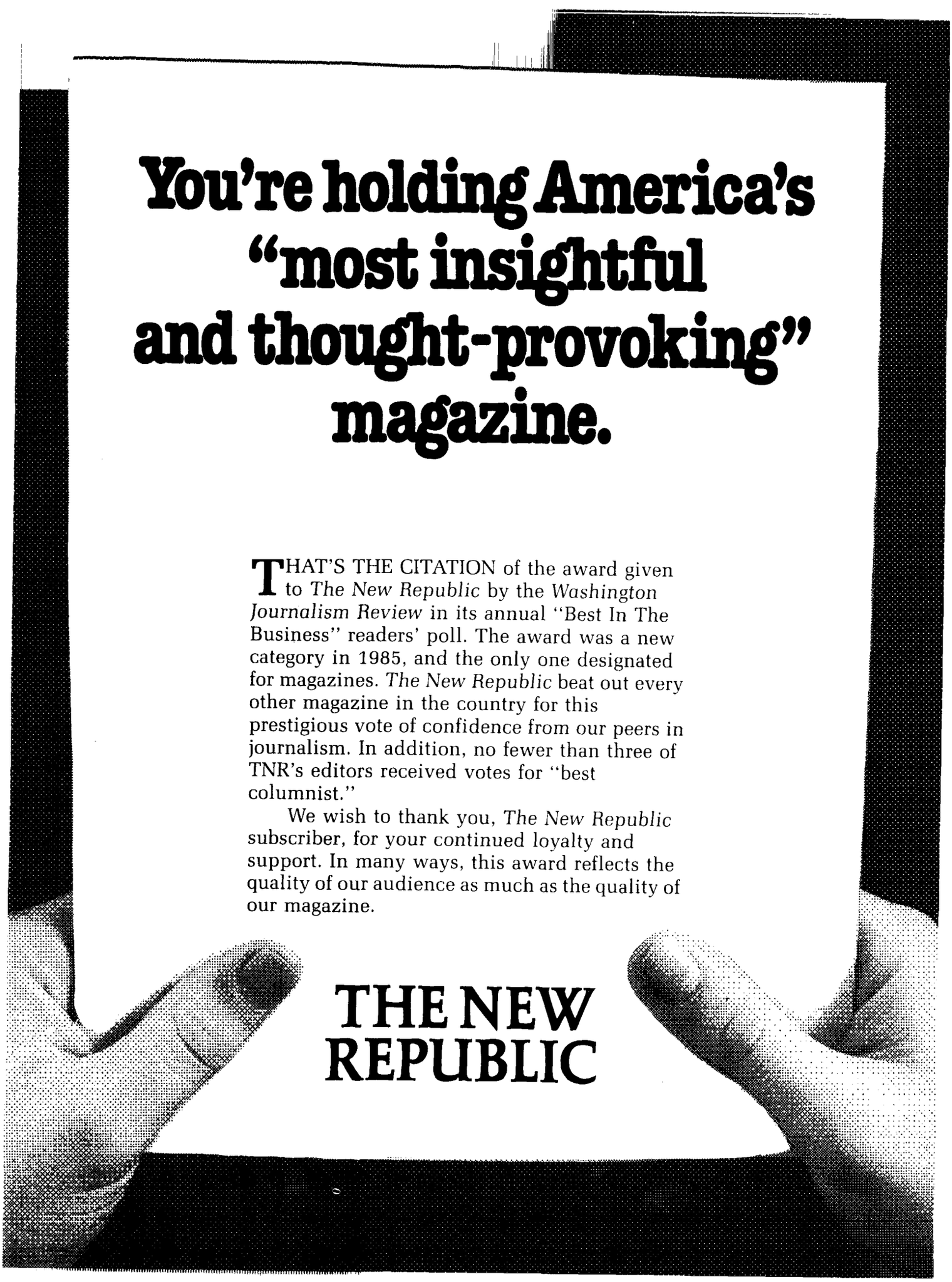
We wish to thank you, *The New Republic* subscriber, for your continued loyalty and support. In many ways, this award reflects the quality of our audience as much as the quality of our magazine.



THE NEW REPUBLIC

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wildly overreaching, but it is hardly a narrow exercise in judicial restraint. And it thwarts the express will of a large majority of the people's elected representatives plus the president whose authority is ostensibly being infringed. The truth is that there are very few principled believers in judicial restraint, as we have pointed out often in these pages. It all depends on whose ox is gored. Many conservatives, including President Reagan, have mixed feelings at best about Gramm-Rudman. Furthermore, some conservatives would like to see all the independent regulatory agencies, such as the Federal Trade Commission and the Food and Drug Administration, ruled unconstitutional under similar separation-of-powers reasoning. What this says about their commitment to "judicial restraint" is one irony here. The other is their amazing fervor for a strong executive branch—a recent and shortsighted passion these conservatives may come to regret.

□ WHITHER THE DEMOCRATS?

DEMOCRATS URGE A FOCUS ON POLICY

—*New York Times*, February 5

Democrats Select Symbols, Not Policy In Answer to Speech

—*Wall Street Journal*, same day

□ THE SLEAZEBALL WATCH: Angolan rebel leader Jonas Savimbi hired the Republican lobbying firm of Black, Manafort, Stone and Kelly—fresh from its triumphant representation of Ferdinand Marcos—to handle his recent visit to Washington. Fee: $600,000. Not to be outdone, the Marxist government of Angola hired for an undisclosed fee the Cadillac of influence-peddlers, Gray and Company. If Savimbi gets the $15 million in aid he wants, his lobbying expense works out to four percent. That's slightly less than the rake-off of the "five percenters" who caused such a scandal during the Truman administration. But those were innocent times. Meanwhile, a new revolving-door-spinning record has been set by Lee L. Verstandig, who left the government after only 24 days as Nancy Reagan's chief of staff to join the lobbying firm of former Reagan aide Michael Deaver.

□ YOUNG MAN ON THE MOVE: Joseph P. Kennedy, whose charitable efforts in the energy field received some skeptical attention in these pages a while back ("More Hype Than Heat," TRB, December 30), is running for Tip O'Neill's congressional seat. According to Federal Election Commission data published in the *Boston Globe*, Kennedy has been paying himself an annual salary of $335,000 from his various energy corporations, all the proceeds of which are supposed to go for helping the poor.

□ THAT ABOUT COVERS IT:

World political tremors rock USA policy

—*USA Today*, February 10

And how he escaped.

MARIO CUOMO IN HELL

THE SUSPECT—dark hair, white shirt, loosened tie, suspenders—relaxed on a wooden chair. He studied the familiar faces of the three cops who were grilling him. The beefy sergeant they called Buchanan was exasperated. "Cuomo, in '84 we catch you indecently exposing your liberal ideas in a public place; the judge knocks the charge down to statesmanlike conduct and you walk out of here some kind of hero. Last year you criticize the chief without permission, and somehow you beat the rap. But you're pushing your luck. You continue to violate the conservative conventional wisdom. You're a liberal and yet you deliberately refuse to act like a wimp." Cuomo stood up. "If you will excuse me, boys, I have a state to govern," he announced.

The lieutenant with a blue "R. Novak" badge and the charm of an undertaker stopped Cuomo. "Why do you think you can go around acting like us right-wing pundits are a bunch of ass-kissing, money-grubbing, know-nothing jerks?" he demanded. Cuomo reached for the doorknob. "I give up, Bob," he smiled. "Why?" Cuomo yanked the door open, and the whiny voice of the third cop—the one they called Bush—followed him out into the hallway. "Hey, wait a gosh darn second, buster. Do you know who you're dealing with?" Cuomo knew: Bush was an empty suit at headquarters downtown. Despite his fancy title, he was just the chief's gofer; that was why the other cops privately called him "Fido." Cuomo kept on walking.

As he passed the liberal suspects slumped over on the wooden benches in the precinct house corridor, he waved to them. A few of them recognized him and rose to follow; but many remained seated, dejected, docile. Officers Novak and Buchanan hurried alongside Cuomo, speaking softly, hoping that Cuomo's little parade wouldn't get any bigger. "You won't get away with this," Novak hissed. "There aren't that many of your kind here." "That seems to be part of our problem," Cuomo said dryly as they turned the corner.

They walked by a series of crowded holding cells. From a cell marked "Liberals" came the strange wailing of George McGovern. Occasionally a plaintive shout from Ted Kennedy, only halfway through his life sentence, rattled the fluorescent lights. Buchanan and Novak tried to shove Cuomo toward the "Liberal" cell door, but Cuomo shook them off and bore straight head. Cuomo remembered they had tried to force him in there after the San Francisco convention in 1984; he had refused even to spend the night. He paused in front of the unlocked padded cell marked "Neoliberals." Inside he could see several small harmless white male politicians chattering about "new ideas" while madly firing their blow dryers at each other. "People are happy here," Buchanan was rasping, out of breath. "Why won't you believe that?"

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Feeling slightly nauseous from the stifling combination in the air of self-righteousness and defeatism, Cuomo walked faster. As Buchanan badgered Cuomo about pardoning a man convicted of killing a prison guard, they proceeded through a spacious office area, where police officials and assorted hangers-on did their work. Buchanan gestured for a few more cops to come over and help them slow Cuomo down. An alleged Nazi war criminal named John Demjanjuk came rushing up. "Pat, have you had any luck saving my neck?" he asked. "Uh," Buchanan muttered, "I'm doing what I can." Eager for an audience, the war criminal explained himself to Cuomo, who listened as he strode along. "The Justice Department says eyewitness testimony from five Holocaust survivors is reasonable grounds for depriving me of my citizenship. Thank God, Pat Buchanan has publicly defended me." Cuomo nodded, "Pat's dedication to his principles is certainly unusual."

Then Salvadoran terrorist Roberto d'Aubuisson approached from the other side and started talking to Novak. "Señor Novak. You said on May 2, 1984, that I was your man in El Salvador, a hero, a patriot, a democratic capitalist. Well now, I am down on my luck and . . ." D'Aubuisson rubbed his palms together trying to remove the blood stains. "Could you help me out with another favorable column? *Por favor.*" Cuomo nudged Novak, who was pretending not to recognize d'Aubuisson. "Come on, Bob, at least give your old buddy a plug on 'The McLaughlin Group.' "

BY THE TIME Cuomo reached the front of the precinct house, he was surrounded by an unruly mob. He and excited liberal lowlifes he had inspired were pushing to get out of the building where they had been confined since 1980, and the conservative officers were pushing to keep them in their place. "Why did you say there was no such thing as the Mafia?" someone shouted at Cuomo. Cuomo smiled but said nothing, adhering to his longtime rule of admitting only the mistakes of others. "You are a totalitarian," some crank cried, holding up a magazine; Cuomo silently promised to spend more on programs for the mentally disturbed. "You're a thin-skinned New Yorker," a third shouted, a refrain that the reporters eagerly took up for lack of anything better to say. At the tangled center of jostling politicos, Cuomo responded by saying that he and his followers simply wanted out. To whoever would listen he repeated, "We will not be intimidated by bullies whose power is all out of proportion to their decency."

Then that whiny voice was heard again. "Pipe down, campers," Bush was crying as several flunkies cleared a path through the mob. "I just called the chief and he told me to tell you that he thinks Mario Cuomo is really tacky and that the neat-o peace shield program will bring prosperity to every American who ever lived, white and colored alike. And that includes my wife, Barbara." Suddenly everyone rushed for the door and in the stampede someone—eyewitnesses said it was Cuomo—gave Bush a good hard shove. As Bush stumbled forward his Bass Weejuns apparently lost their traction on the marble floor. He twirled 360 degrees with his arms and legs flailing, skidded toward the fountain in the center of the lobby, flipped over the little wall surrounding it, and landed with a tremendous splash in the shallow waters where Washington tourists throw their pennies. The people roared as the man who would be chief thrashed about in the wishing well. Ever the street-fighting man, Bush came up spluttering, "Boy oh boy, you are really in trouble in now, Cuomo." Wiping away their tears of merriment, Buchanan and Novak looked around uneasily. Cuomo was gone. "That sumbitch has gotten off again, and it's setting a bad example," Buchanan muttered as dozens of liberal prisoners skipped out the front door whooping and singing. Sounding suddenly bleak, Novak said, "Maybe he is thin-skinned, but what if liberals everywhere start getting thin-skinned too?"

JEFFERSON MORLEY

Reagan's environmental Waterloo.

THE ACID TEST

PRESIDENT REAGAN'S genial ignorance about the environment has once again been exposed. The issue is acid rain, and the critic this time isn't the National Clean Air Coalition, or the Canadian government. He is Drew Lewis, Reagan's own special envoy on acid rain.

On January 8, Lewis, the former secretary of transportation and now chief executive at Warner-Amex, delivered a report to Ronald Reagan. "Mr. President," Lewis warned in the cover letter accompanying the joint U.S.-Canadian document, "there should be no doubt that acidic air emissions . . . [are] causing serious environmental concern in [Canada and the U.S.] because of the ecological, economic, and cultural value of the resources at risk." A White House official said Reagan had no "immediate reaction" to the report, but that he would "study" Lewis's study.

The findings confound Reagan's belief, expressed in an unguarded moment during the 1980 campaign, that trees—not poorly regulated industries—cause most air pollution. "Clearly, man-made emissions of [these] compounds contribute far more to acid rain in the United States than natural sources," the report states. Virtually all scientists now concur that acid rain is caused by the burning of coal and other industrial fuels in factories and power plants. Sulfur and nitrogen oxides are carried aloft and fall to earth as harmful precipitation. More than 24 million tons of sulfur emissions are released into the atmosphere each year. The pollution of hundreds of lakes and forests extends from the Northeast as far west as the Rockies and as far north as Saskatchewan. "In the past several years, thousands of scientific studies have been carried out and reports written on all aspects of the issue of acid rain," the report points out. As Lewis told reporters after meeting with Rea-

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gan, "We obviously don't need to research it to death."

Of course, that is precisely how Reagan had hoped to dispense with the issue, but alarming findings kept cropping up. In June 1982, when the White House began suspecting that a study on acid rain by the National Academy of Sciences would contain some unexpectedly grim statistics, it put a halt to the investigation. Six months later, ignoring the protests of numerous members of Congress and officials at the Environmental Protection Agency, the administration tried to slash by more than 75 percent a critical governmental research program on how utilities contribute to air pollution. Congress refused to comply.

Some of the most graphic evidence about the destructive effects of acid rain has emanated from the White House itself. In July 1983 a blue-ribbon panel, convened at the behest of Reagan's science adviser, urged that additional steps be taken before environmental degradation reached "the point of irreversibility." The Environmental Protection Agency has cranked out its own prodigious share of surveys documenting the abnormally high rate of acidity in lakes around the nation, and pointing to billions of dollars' worth of damage to buildings and other structures from corrosion. The EPA authorized the "Administration Policy and Position on Acid Rain," which advocates further research and cautions against "premature and unwise action." Yet even that paper is laced with warnings about "significantly impacted" areas.

BY February 1983, with Canada clamoring for action and newspapers routinely running dire stories about lifeless lakes and stunted trees, the administration pushed harder to squelch the bad news. In an extraordinary move, the Justice Department announced that two documentary films produced by the Canadian government, *Acid Rain: Requiem or Recovery?* and *Acid from Heaven*, would be classified as "political propaganda," and required their producers to submit a list of U.S. individuals and organizations requesting them. This crude attempt at censorship created a furor that forced the administration to back down. The films, with their lingering close-up shots of rain-soaked leaves and belching smokestacks and their obligatory garbled background music, harked back to seventh-grade science class. Without the administration's seal of disapproval, Canada's cinematic contributions to the acid rain debate would probably have faded into obscurity. Today they are cult classics.

Meanwhile, Anne Burford had become an irresistible target for environmentalists and journalists. During her tumultuous reign at the EPA, she loyally blocked acid rain programs and emerged as the personification of the administration's hostility toward environmental concerns. "Behind the public demeanor [is] the Ice Queen stare as cold as a faceful of acid rain," *Newsweek* wrote in February 1983. (In her recently published memoirs, *Are You Tough Enough?*, Burford shrugs off acid rain as an issue drummed up by Canadian bullies. She writes: "the Canadians' general attitude was rather unpleasant. To put it plainly, they were the biggest bunch of overbearing bastards I've ever had to deal with. They were tablepounders who seemed to enjoy playing the tough-guy role.") Burford and her minions were finally swept out of office and replaced by the respectable William Ruckleshaus and a new group of competent professionals. A seemingly chastened Reagan declared at Ruckleshaus's swearing-in ceremony: "I would like you . . . to meet this issue [acid rain] head-on."

Ruckleshaus took him at his word. He spent four months preparing a comprehensive new policy on acid rain, and he looked forward to announcing his program with great fanfare. He had several speeches written and oversaw the publication of flurries of fact sheets and maps. Preparations were made for a nationwide presentation on television and appearances on the major networks. But when Ruckleshaus visited the White House to discuss his plan with James Baker, Edwin Meese, and other officials, he discovered it had been quashed. David Stockman, then director of the Office of Management and Budget, had estimated that it would cost $6,000 per pound of fish to control acid rain. Employing similar quantitative techniques, he drew up fish-speckled graphs minimizing the threat from pollution, and a map indicating that New England was the only region in favor of stringent legislation. His argument, the *Washington Post* reported, lent credence to an industry paper then circulating in the White House called "The Politics of Acid Rain," which tallied up the number of electoral votes Reagan risked losing in the 1984 election from regulating the heaviest polluting states.

But Reagan also wished to present himself to voters at election time as a concerned custodian of the environment. In his 1984 State of the Union address, three months after rejecting Ruckleshaus's plan and giving him half the budget he'd requested for 1985, Reagan announced that he would double spending for research on acid rain. On Capitol Hill Ruckleshaus awkwardly denied that the administration had based its decision on campaign strategy, but acknowledged that politics were discussed. Soon after the election, he quietly left for Seattle to work in a law firm. His successor, Lee Thomas, toes the administration line.

ALTHOUGH the commotion subsided at home, Reagan still had the Canadians to contend with. Last March, with the "Shamrock Summit" coming up in Quebec City, Prime Minister Brian Mulroney was under strong domestic pressure to reach some agreement with his southern neighbors. He urged the United States to stop procrastinating. Hoping to avoid an embarrassing diplomatic flap, the State Department pressed for the naming of a special envoy on acid rain. It found a surprising ally in Michael Deaver, the president's former public relations man, who demonstrated a peculiar preoccupation with the subject's technicalities. Lewis was appointed at the summit. Three months later Deaver left the White House to become a lobbyist. One of his first big clients was Canada, which eagerly solicited his advice on the acid rain controversy. The Canadian Embassy in Washington describes Deaver's "consulting services" as "very helpful." "We value him," says Bruce Phillips of the Ministry of Public Affairs, "because he knows

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intimately a lot of important people inside Washington."

Most people dismissed Lewis's appointment as an ineffectual goodwill gesture toward Canada. A reporter asked Reagan about the envoy's duties, and the president admitted he could not answer the question. Six months later, when Lewis spoke out on acid rain for the first time, he sounded a distinctly dissonant note. He told a meeting of the New England governors that "saying sulfates [from coal-fired plants] do not cause acid rain is the same as saying that smoking does not cause lung cancer." Suddenly Lewis began being quoted in news stories and editorials, hailed as a hero for telling the truth. This optimism was overly hasty: Lewis's report proved better on the diagnosis than prognosis. Still, Deaver's defection and Lewis's disloyalty may yet jolt Reagan out of his complacency. If nothing else, at the U.S.-Canadian summit this March the president will doubtless find it easier to remember Drew Lewis's job.

DAVID SEIDEMAN

David Seideman is the author of the forthcoming *The New Republic: A Voice of Modern Liberalism*, a history of the magazine's first 25 years, to be published by Praeger.

Kemp's sputtering campaign.

RUNNING IN PLACE

THESE should be deliriously good times for New York Representative Jack Kemp and his campaign for the 1988 Republican presidential nomination. His chief rival, Vice President George Bush, is taking a thumping in the press for his clumsy pandering to the GOP's right wing. The issue on which Kemp has evangelized for several years, tax reform, is about to be enacted into law. And the prosperity that he predicted would come about once the 1981 tax cuts took effect has largely come about.

Yet rather than gaining on Bush, Kemp is making little or no headway. And he has repeatedly suffered minor embarrassments at Bush's hand. In January, Bush's political action committee, the Fund for America's Future, signed up 14 of the 15 Republican House members from New York—all but Kemp himself—as a "congressional steering committee." Actually, the 14 merely joined BushPAC's effort in the 1986 elections, but Bush operatives made much of the implications for 1988. Then Bush overshadowed Kemp on his own turf at a dinner of the New York Conservative Party by attacking Governor Mario Cuomo. Bush's speech backfired, but Kemp was still left in the shadows. His own speech, mostly boilerplate, paled in comparison. More troubling still, Bush won a poll of members of nine conservative organizations conducted in connection with the recent Conservative Political Action Conference. Kemp got a meager 17 percent to Bush's 36 percent.

These glitches might have been averted by a full-scale political organization working for Kemp. "Everybody assumes Kemp has an operation, but that's not the case," says one of his associates. True, Kemp has a PAC, the Campaign for Prosperity, but it employs only one professional, John Maxwell, the executive director. Kemp also has a foundation, the Fund for an American Renaissance, which holds conferences on various political issues. These two outfits are badly overmatched by Bush's juggernaut. His PAC raised $3.9 million in 1985 (Kemp's raised only $1.2 million) and has signed up 24 staffers and nine consultants. Nor does Kemp's congressional staff stand up favorably in size and political experience with Bush's battalion of vice presidential aides.

Even more striking is the halfhearted commitment of Kemp's strategists. They're for him, but they've also got other things on their minds. Some have blamed political consultant Roger Stone, who has solid New York connections, for Kemp's flop at the Conservative Party dinner. But Stone is merely an unpaid volunteer with Kemp; he has other campaigns to run. "I'm not committed to anything at this point," Stone says. "No one's asked me. When Jack decides [to run officially], I'll decide." Stone's partner, Charles Black, advises Kemp on scheduling and strategy, but that takes up "only a few hours a week." Black spends most of his time on three state races and also talks to Bush and Senate Majority Leader Bob Dole. David Smick, a political consultant and former congressional aide, is a Kemp loyalist, but at this point is only "involved in helping Jack expand his agenda into international monetary policy." Jeffrey Bell, deputy director of Citizens for America, Lewis Lehrman's group, says he'd "like to help Kemp," but so far this has been solely on economic policy. Even Kemp's paid operatives have distractions. Maxwell spends half a day each week and every other weekend working on Senator Charles Grassley's bid for reelection in Iowa. James Roberts, director of the Kemp foundation, divides his time 50-50 between working for Kemp and promoting Radio America, the syndicate he owns that markets public affairs programs.

KEMP'S PROBLEMS go beyond organization. He faces an identity crisis. "Jack is divided between two views of his political identity," says one part-time adviser. "His base is among the bedrock conservatives, and he's got advisers who come from that background. That's one side. The other side is the blue-collar Buffalo side." But in a presidential campaign, the two sides come into conflict. To win the presidential nomination, Kemp needs to emphasize the traditional side—hawkish foreign policy, military buildup, social issues. The rub is that by stressing this side he downplays precisely what has lifted him above the ordinary run of GOP representatives—his populist vision. Nearly every House Republican is a hard-liner and school prayer advocate. Kemp, almost alone, can appeal to union members and the poor and minorities with egalitarian-

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sounding speeches on incentives, color-blind capitalism, enterprise zones, and urban homesteading.

THE EXTENT of Kemp's ambivalence became clear in December. He voted against the Gramm-Rudman deficit reduction bill, which put him at odds with most Republican conservatives. Of course, he has never shared their zeal for cuts in domestic spending and a balanced budget. Kemp used both conservative and populist arguments against Gramm-Rudman. He said it might cause "the largest peacetime defense cutback in history," a conservative fear; and prompt a "draconian budget reduction" in domestic programs that "benefit average Americans or fund necessary functions of government," a populist concern.

On tax reform, he switched from conservative to populist side within six days. Against the advice of Smick and Bell, he voted on December 11 against bringing to the floor the tax-reform bill drafted by the House Ways and Means Committee. Kemp argued lamely that blocking the bill "will not kill tax reform." In truth, it would have, and the death of tax reform would have been a political disaster for Kemp. But he escaped by cajoling the White House into releasing a letter with Reagan's renewed demand for a lower top rate and a higher personal exemption. "The letter saved Kemp," an adviser says. On December 17 Kemp voted in favor of the bill.

Because he has split with conservatives on so many issues—right-to-work laws, deficits, the new civil rights bill, the Martin Luther King holiday, etc.—Kemp is now overcompensating. To appease leaders of the New Right, who had been angry over his refusal to stress their social issue agenda, he sponsored legislation to bar federal funds to organizations that offer abortion referrals. "He had to do a big repair job [with the New Right], and he went so far overboard that he came off as Jesse Helms's cousin," says a Kemp adviser. Now Kemp has decided to take on the State Department, a favorite target of conservative hard-liners. "Ronald Reagan understands the nature of communism and its threat to freedom," he declared at the CPAC conference. "Yet the State Department seems to think that closer ties to the Soviet Union regardless of its actions will promote peace and stability more than standing by our allies."

The value of State-bashing is that it positions Kemp to the right of Bush. Kemp's avenue to the nomination is, after all, to become the conservative alternative to Bush. It is important for him to do this in such a way that his populist side, an enormous asset in a general election, is not jettisoned. But the nomination comes first. And Kemp is far from solidifying his base on the Republican right, which would assure him of an automatic 30 to 40 percent in primaries. Even Kemp partisans concede that he hasn't locked up the right. "I see a disturbing tendency among leaders of the conservative movement to just sit back and see what happens," complains Robert Heckman of the Fund for a Conservative Majority.

Still, Kemp remains the brightest star among Republican presidential candidates. David Keene, chairman of the American Conservative Union and not a Kemp fan, says Kemp has "more upside potential than Bush." Translated, this means that Kemp appeals to a far broader electorate in a general election than Bush, whose upper-class bearings make him anathema to working-class people. But Kemp must mount a real campaign, and soon. "Jack still has the first crack at being the conservative challenger for 1988," says Howard Phillips of the Conservative Caucus. "But if he hasn't done it by the end of the year, he's going to lose it." A whole crowd is watching: Pat Robertson, Jeane Kirkpatrick, Paul Laxalt, and others. If Kemp doesn't secure his conservative base in 1986, they will be sorely tempted to run. A Kemp adviser says: "You've got to figure that other challengers would look at that and say, 'Somebody's got to beat Bush and maybe it's not going to be Kemp.' " Kemp has an opportunity to scare off challengers and emerge as the alternative to Bush. But not if he sticks to a campaign that amounts to running in place.

FRED BARNES

WASHINGTON SCENE

CONSERVATIVE BAROQUE

THE NEW LINES in conservative political fashion previewed the other day at the Washington Hilton. It was the 13th annual Conservative Political Action Conference, a kind of wholesalers' convention that drew 800 paid registrants and double that number to banquets honoring President Reagan and Jonas Savimbi. But, as at most conventions and trade shows, the real action was in the exhibition hall on the lower level, where ideological entrepreneurs of the right set up booths to display their wares. Video monitors showed tapes of the right's collective nightmares—blood on fetuses, Dan Rather on CBS, Chevron refineries in Angola—and display tables were piled high with four-color pamphlets prescribing conservative cures for every malady besetting America.

Entertainment was provided by Republican presidential intramurals. In the ballroom, likely 1988 candidates auditioned for the role of Ronald Reagan. No one got the part. In the hallways, the vassals of Vice President Bush and Representative Jack Kemp conducted student council jousts, accusing each other of rigging polls and stuffing ballot boxes, and otherwise behaving like the College Republicans they used to be.

There wasn't much electricity in the air. Forty-three people showed up at the first CPAC meeting in 1974. Today many of them are lionized as power brokers in Reagan's Washington, and they've become a rather sober lot. "Now we have the responsibility of governance," said David A. Keene, who chaired the conference. As the

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stakes have increased (like the consulting fees), so have the disagreements—tactical, programmatic, personal. "Success breeds diversity," said Keene. But it hasn't yet bred any fresh agenda for the post-Reagan right. "Movement" conservatism seems to have entered a Baroque phase, embroidering and reweaving classical themes in the absence of new ones.

The hot new fashion was camouflage battle fatigues, favored by better-dressed freedom fighters worldwide. Members of the Young Conservative Alliance were wearing them in their eye-catching booth, itself a monument to guerrilla chic. It was constructed of sandbags, barbed wire, and a canvas backdrop that said, in graffiti Day-Glo: "Y.C.A.—Not Just a Job, An Adventure." It was festooned with "WANTED" posters of George Keller, chairman of the board of Chevron. But it turned out the YCA merely wanted to talk. "If you see this man," said the poster, "ask him why he is subsidizing the Kremlin's African military buildup."

Joan "Junior" McEnery, a 19-year-old freshman at Catholic University in Washington, was handing out YCA brochures. She said the group wanted to nudge college conservatives out of the classroom, away from cocktail hour, and into the kind of action that used to get the left a lot of free pub. She was proud to have been aboard the "Freedom Warrior" on the Mississippi River last November, a chartered fishing boat from which she and her companions hassled a Soviet freighter heading into the Gulf with a would-be Ukrainian defector. "Conservative means 'activist,' " explained McEnery, the youngest of four kids in a Democratic, blue-collar family from Providence, Rhode Island. "We're not a bunch of preppies sipping Bloody Marys by the pool. I'm for beer."

AN "Iron Eagle" on foreign policy, Junior McEnery otherwise seemed surprisingly dovish, even Democratic. She said she favored "humanitarian economics," meaning Kempian tax cuts, liberal aid to the poor, and loans for college students such as herself. And though she would never have an abortion, she wanted Phyllis Schlafly's antiabortion agenda off the action list of the movement. "I'm into personal rights," she said. "We could have a bloodbath over abortion. I wouldn't want to see Pat Robertson get the nomination."

"Jack Kemp," she added, "is God."

That was heresy down the aisle at the slick, high-tech booth run by the Freedom Council, founded by Pat Robertson. God doesn't have time to be Jack Kemp because He is busy advising Robertson on political strategy. And He apparently has told the keeper of the sacred satellite dishes not to ignore the earthly nuts and bolts. The Freedom Council literature, all lavishly produced, is designed to establish a rationale for a Robertson candidacy. One popular pamphlet, printed on glossy paper with prepunched notebook holes (you'll want the whole set), answered the question, "America: Is She Governed by the Book?" According to a seven-point biblical analysis by Dr. Herbert W. Titus, a cum laude graduate of Harvard Law School, the answer is yes. The book, by the way, is The Book, a.k.a. the Bible. Another brochure vowed to establish Freedom Councils in "each of the 175,000 voting precincts . . . so that righteousness might reign in our nation."

YET many of the savviest, and by now rather establishmentarian, New Right groups are edging away from the Bible-thumping approach to the "social issues." Even Jerry Falwell, a sensitive marketeer if there ever was one, recognized the trend. And so he begot the neutral-sounding Liberty Federation, which recently swallowed up the Moral Majority. A poll conducted for CPAC showed that he was right to change labels: members of several national conservative groups put "religion and morality" issues at the bottom of their list of public concerns. The economy, the deficit, and nuclear arms were at the top. "Turns out we're not really much different from the rest of America," Keene said.

The Free Congress Foundation took the centrist "social issue" approach in a new publication called the *Journal of Family and Culture*, a quarterly designed to meld the right's crusade on behalf of the "traditional family" with the renewed interest of secular social science in the same subject. The trade-show types snapped up a recent number featuring a lead article by none other than Senator Gary Hart. "We are not defined by our possessions," declared Hart, calling on his divinity school training. "We must question modernity's most sacred cow: the notion that you can't turn back the clock."

Given the ceaseless tug-of-war between the balanced-budget hucksters and the never-say-die supply-siders, it wasn't surprising that the action in the economic policy corridor was at the booth of the Citizens for a Sound Economy, whose "10/10/10 plan" is a kind of Summa Theologica of New Right economic orthodoxy: a ten percent "flat" individual and corporate income tax, a ten percent across-the-board federal budget reduction to balance the books, and a ten-point "taxpayers' bill of rights" aimed at backing the IRS into an administrative corner. They've apparently found a marketing niche: in one year the group claims to have amassed a membership of 250,000 and a budget of four million dollars.

Perhaps because of the mixed messages and familiar themes in the exhibition hall, the talk in the coffee shop on the last day was not of Chevron or Robertson or the "flat tax." It was of Jeane Kirkpatrick, whose studious-sounding, dramatically understated warnings about the evils of communism brought the ballroom crowd to its feet without the aid of advance men. Divided over economic policy, uncomfortable in the embrace of the evangelical right, everyone could revel in Kirkpatrick's Manichaean world.

And they liked her style. Daryle R. Stuckey, 63 years old, a charter member of "the movement," was surprised by his own reaction. A lawyer and retired Air Force lieutenant colonel, he voted for Goldwater in 1964, subscribed to *Human Events* 15 years ago, and is a longtime contributor to a half-dozen conservative groups. Tall and square-jawed, he looked and talked like Chuck Connors's Rifle-

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man. "I'm not a real radical of the right," he said, noting that he kept up with "two sides" by reading *National Geographic, Smithsonian* magazine, and *Country*. "I'm not sure taxes should be reduced, for example. I'm not keen on the preachers in politics. But I became disillusioned with Democratic politics when they gave Eastern Europe to the Communists. So I like Mrs. Kirkpatrick. I like her aggressiveness. She knows her own mind and speaks it. A president has to be one-third heart, one-third brains, and one-third S.O.B.

"Of course she'll not get the nomination."

HOWARD FINEMAN

Howard Fineman is chief political correspondent of *Newsweek*.

Chevron socialists versus Reaganite guerrillas.

UPSIDE DOWN IN ANGOLA

BY MICHAEL MASSING

THE CURRENT DEBATE over U.S. investment in Angola is enough to make one's head spin. American liberals sound like flag-in-the-lapel conservatives as they glowingly describe the wondrous investment opportunities to be had in Angola. And conservatives sound like idealistic liberals as they vehemently attack corporate America for putting profits before principle. On top of it all, officials in this most Republican administration warn Big Business not to stand in the way of African liberation.

It's Third World war time again in Washington, which means that everyone is excitedly shouting slogans and uttering pronouncements about a part of the world they know little about. It's hard to tell who's behaving more hypocritically—liberals, conservatives, or the corporations themselves. Here's a scorecard:

When the Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola (MPLA) came to power in 1975, the country's economy was a shambles. As the Portuguese retreated, they took just about everything that wasn't nailed down. And since native Angolans had been denied all positions of responsibility, severe shortages of skilled labor developed. Recognizing that the Soviet Union had little to offer in the way of capital or technology, the MPLA swallowed its ideology and opened the door to Western investment. Luanda offered a host of incentives, among them generous tax allowances and easy repatriation of profits.

For American businessmen, such blandishments are hard to resist, even when coming from socialists, and over the last decade they have flocked to Angola. Chase Manhattan, Bankers Trust, Citibank, and Morgan Guaranty have all lent money to Angola. General Tire operates a manufacturing plant there, and General Motors is seeking to sell vehicles on a barter basis. Boeing provides spare parts for Angola's national airline, and a Louisiana sugar manufacturer is helping to manage a major mill. Caterpillar, IBM, NCR, Pfizer, and Xerox all do business in Angola.

Most important are the oil companies. With an output of 225,000 barrels a day, Angola is sub-Saharan Africa's second largest producer after Nigeria. An impressive collection of Western companies from France, Italy, Portugal, Brazil, and of course, the United States help pump the oil. Texaco, Mobil, Conoco, Marathon, and Cities Service all have operations in Angola. By far the largest, however, is the Cabinda Gulf Oil Company, a subsidiary of Chevron (which took over Gulf in 1984).

Although Gulf has been active in Angola for 30 years, it has most rapidly expanded its operations in the last ten, as the country's vast oil reserves became apparent. Gulf's current investment in Angola totals $600 million, most of it sunk into Cabinda province, site of the country's richest wells. Of the almost 700 people who work for Gulf in Angola, about 150 are Americans. In 1985 the company paid Angola $580 million in taxes and royalties. Along with the national oil company, with which it has a 49/51 partnership, Gulf accounts for three-quarters of Angola's oil production.

Earnings from oil help finance the government's war with Jonas Savimbi and his UNITA forces. That conflict, which is now more than ten years old, has been fueled by outside support on both sides. Savimbi has relied almost totally on South Africa; the MPLA has relied on the Soviet Union, which provides arms, and Cuba, which supplies 35,000 or so troops. Whereas the South African aid seems largely to come gratis, the MPLA pays for its help. No one knows precisely how much Cuba receives for its men; estimates range from $300 million to $800 million. All

Michael Massing's profile of columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak, "The Prince and the Preppy," appeared in the January 20 issue.

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agree, however, that payment comes largely in the form of U.S. dollars—many of them supplied by Gulf.

And that has the right hopping mad. As conservatives frantically push U.S. aid for UNITA, they are simultaneously seeking to cut the flow of dollars to the MPLA. A coalition of right-wing organizations has mounted a national lobbying campaign seeking to pressure Chevron/Gulf out of Angola. Leading the charge is the Conservative Caucus, a Washington area activist group headed by Howard Phillips. In recent months the caucus has asked Chevron credit-card holders to protest the company's presence in Angola. It has mailed postcards to Chevron chairman George Keller, admonishing him that "patriotism must come before profit." The caucus has also bought Chevron stock in preparation for a proxy battle and encouraged members to pay "educational" visits to Chevron/Gulf service stations.

Howard Phillips explained the rationale for the campaign at a press conference in December: "Not only does Chevron generate more than two billion dollars a year in hard currency to keep a Soviet puppet regime in power [and] subsidize its 35,000 Cuban mercenaries . . . but Gulf's corporate executives have also been lobbying on behalf of the Soviet Union in Washington, urging Congress to reject U.S. aid to the UNITA freedom fighters led by Dr. Jonas Savimbi."

Gulf officials have been enthusiastic backers of the MPLA. In 1981 Melvin Hill, a Gulf executive, testified in Congress that the Angolan government was "businesslike and nonideological." Gulf officials have met with George Bush to urge a more accommodating U.S. stance toward Luanda. And last October the company co-hosted a dinner for Angolan President José Eduardo dos Santos. "We have a very good relationship with the Angolans," says Sid Anderson, vice president of Chevron's overseas operations. "They're businesslike and pay their bills."

ALL OF WHICH leads us to the Liberal Irony. As the campaign to support UNITA gained momentum in Congress last fall, liberal Democrats approached U.S. corporations for help in opposing aid. "We've needed that kind of support for our education efforts [on Angola]," says one aide to a Democratic representative. Last fall Chevron officials agreed to visit the offices of such key conservatives as Senator Steven Symms and Representative Robert Dornan. They left behind a three-page statement on the company's operations, which asserted that U.S. aid to UNITA would "jeopardize American property and commerce in Angola."

For the most part, though, Chevron has failed to fulfill the Democrats' expectations. "They've been extremely reluctant to get involved," the aide says. "They got scared very early on by the vehemence of some of the conservatives." Chevron rejected suggestions that it write a letter opposing aid for UNITA. Similar overtures were made to Boeing, Lockheed, and some other oil companies active in Angola, but all declined the invitation.

Not David Rockefeller. Last November the former Chase Manhattan chairman was asked if he might go public with his admiration for the Angolan government. In a letter to Howard Wolpe, chairman of the House Subcommittee on Africa, Rockefeller complied. Noting that trade between Angola and the United States had grown to more than one billion dollars a year, Rockefeller wrote that "Angola has become one of the largest and best economic partners [of] the U.S. in all of Africa. . . . I believe that the growing commercial partnership—as well as other extensive ties and relationships—between the U.S. and Angola merit important consideration in any policy determination." Aid for UNITA, Rockefeller added, would be most ill-timed.

On the face of it, this seems a real coup for the Democrats. It's not every day that a Rockefeller can be enlisted in the cause of African socialism. Such favor-seeking, though, carries some real risks. David Rockefeller is not exactly an innocent when it comes to dealing with the Third World. Under his direction, Chase Manhattan helped prop up some pretty unsavory dictators—all of them thoroughly businesslike and nonideological. Just a few weeks ago, Rockefeller was greeted in Argentina by violent street demonstrations, and several government officials refused to meet with him; one presidential adviser called him a "bloodsucker." Apparently the Argentines have not appreciated Rockefeller's businesslike ties to the military regime that ordered the disappearances of more than 9,000 people. (José Alfredo Martinez de Hoz, an economic minister during the junta's dark days, sat on Chase's international advisory board.)

Many of the companies active in Angola also do business in South Africa. There they have long resisted sanctions, arguing that the best way to further American interests in South Africa is to remain in the country. Such assertions are dismissed out of hand by liberals, who know that the corporations' real aim is to make a buck. It's hard to see much difference in Angola.

BACK IN my college days in the spring of 1972, black students occupied a Harvard administration building to demand that the university divest its stock in Gulf Oil. "Harvard out of Gulf, Gulf out of Angola," they shouted. At that time, of course, Angola was still a Portuguese colony, and the students accused Gulf of subsidizing Portugal's war against Angolan independence. In fact, Gulf was a frequent protest target in the early 1970s, when church groups mounted a campaign similar to the one being staged by conservatives today. Then, too, Gulf was unmoved, maintaining that the Portuguese were businesslike and nonideological.

The earlier campaign, however, did at least have a clear logic behind it, which leads us to the Conservative Irony. Angola is a war-torn, underdeveloped country located an ocean away from the United States. Why, then, have conservatives suddenly deemed it critical to our national interest? A major reason, they say, is Angola's rich natural resources. The country's already high level of oil production is expected to soar as vast new fields come on stream;

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last year Chevron declared that Angola might have the greatest oil potential of any country in West or Central Africa. The country also boasts lucrative diamond mines. Agriculturally, Angola is a potential breadbasket, and the surrounding waters contain some of the world's most bountiful fishing beds.

To conservatives, defeating the MPLA is essential if such riches are to be reserved for the West. "I believe the vital natural resources which are located [in southern Africa] must not fall into the hands of the Soviet Union and its proxies," Howard Phillips has said in reference to Angola, "and that our policy should proceed from that premise." Jeane Kirkpatrick recently wrote in the *Washington Post* that Angola's "mineral riches" help establish its "substantial long-range strategic importance," especially given the "Soviet determination" to incorporate such assets into the "socialist world system."

There is just one small problem with this line of reasoning: virtually all of Angola's resources already go to the West. The right may see Angola as a Soviet puppet, but somehow Western multinationals are managing to plunder it. The diamond mines under MPLA control are managed by a British company associated with South Africa's notorious De Beers consortium. And at least 95 percent of Angola's oil ends up in the West; half of Gulf's production finds its way into U.S. refineries. Last November, as pressure grew for sanctions against U.S. companies in Angola, the Congressional Research Service concluded that a withdrawal of Western technology might lead to a larger Soviet role in Angolan energy production, and "one of the likely consequences could be the loss of the bulk of Angolan oil for direct availability to the Western bloc."

The Reagan administration has played no small role in expanding the American presence in Angola. John Sassi, who worked for Gulf's international division for 19 years before leaving last summer to set up his own consulting firm, observes that "until the advent of the Reagan administration, there was little development of Angola's oil fields and not much major foreign investment." Since taking office, the administration has actively encouraged investment in Angola. In the last five years, the U.S. Export-Import Bank has approved three loans for Angolan oil and gas projects totaling $227 million. Since the United States does not have diplomatic relations with Angola, the loans required approval by the National Security Council. In each case, the loans were judged to be consistent with U.S. national interests. Angola may be Marxist, but today the United States is its largest trading partner—thanks in no small part to the Reagan administration.

AS FOR THE SOVIETS, what have they reaped in return for their massive military and financial investment? Very little. "The Soviets are not getting any economic benefits aside from ravaging the ocean floor with their fishing fleet," says a banker who has visited Angola frequently. "All they're getting is a satellite, another country that they can say is in their orbit." The Soviets receive virtually none of Angola's oil. They don't even get the satisfaction of offering their satellite economic counsel. Advisers in the key economic and oil ministries come not from the Eastern bloc but from Arthur D. Little, a consulting firm based in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

ONE FINAL IRONY. In providing money to UNITA, the United States would be financing a group that has indicated its willingness to attack American facilities. Last February UNITA forces shot down a charter airplane that was transporting diamonds for De Beers; the plane's American pilot was killed. UNITA has attacked Gulf oil pipelines, and the South African commandos who targeted Gulf's Cabinda facilities last year carried UNITA literature claiming credit for the raid. Overall, according to American estimates, UNITA has caused more than seven billion dollars' worth of damage to Angola's infrastructure. Gulf's facilities have largely been spared—thanks to the presence of 2,000 troops in Cabinda supplied by Cuba.

It's unclear how effective the campaign against Chevron will prove. As of early February, the company had received 5,200 postcards and exactly two service station visits. Nonetheless, Chevron is clearly concerned: witness its reluctance to enter the political fray. Most worrisome is the position of the Reagan administration. In late January, Assistant Secretary of State Chester Crocker, who had previously encouraged corporations operating in Angola, suddenly declared that American businessmen "should be thinking about U.S. national interests as well as their own corporate interests as they make their decisions." President Reagan's recent sanctions against U.S. companies in Libya did not go unnoticed by those based in Angola.

Clearly, though, the Chevron question is only incidental to the real issue. Liberals should be able to advance better arguments against aid for Savimbi than the ability of American corporations to make good money in Angola. The liberal alliance with the David Rockefellers of the world seems a Faustian bargain that one day could easily backfire. By the same token, conservatives should be congratulated for recognizing, however belatedly, that U.S. foreign policy has more important ends than making the world safe for American investment.

But the conservatives are guilty of a deeper hypocrisy. "Strategic minerals" has become another Washington buzzword, one as drained of meaning as "freedom fighter." Those who use it don't really care about oil or diamonds: if they did, they would encourage American companies to remain in Angola and would do everything to make their stay a pleasant one. For conservatives, Angola and UNITA offer one overriding opportunity—the chance to inflict defeat on the Soviet Union.

Unfortunately, the war in Angola has already dragged on for more than ten years now, killing tens of thousands of people and devastating one of the richest countries in Africa. Foreign meddling has served primarily to increase the death and destruction. And there is no end in sight. Soon, perhaps, Washington will address the really important question about Angola: Will U.S. involvement help resolve this nasty conflict, or simply prolong it? □

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"The Brit in Washington"

August 9, 1980

THERE'S a character in Washington who writes for the Washington *Post* and should be slipped a tranquilizer, though these are said not to mix happily with booze. His name is Henry Fairlie and, to the great relief of Great Britain, he is an expatriate, devoting himself to advising Americans how to behave.

Somewhere along the line he picked up the designation "conservative." The etiology here eludes the memory, but it is true that he defended U.S. participation in the Vietnam war of resistance. One suspects, after enduring a few short hundredweight of Mr. Fairlie's homilies, that he really came out for the Vietnam war in order to create a certain rhetorical commotion about himself. And, then, every now and again he will drop the word "aristocratic," or will quote from Cato the Elder, or whomever, to maintain the minimal flying time necessary to guard his license as a "conservative." What he is, is an undisciplined Catherine's wheel, whose columns read like an angry and disordered reflection of the previous night's dissipations. He must have disported heavily on the evening that Reagan was nominated.

Would you care to know how our British friend characterizes the men and women who voted for Reagan? They are "narrow minded, book banning, truth censoring, mean spirited; ungenerous, envious, intolerant, afraid; chicken, bullying; trivially moral, falsely patriotic; family cheapening, flag cheapening, God cheapening; the common man, shallow, small, sanctimonious." So much for the 60 percent of the American voters who, when last heard from, prefer Reagan over any named alternative.

But isn't this image inconsistent with the reputation—at least—of the (largely Jewish) intellectuals who make up the neoconservative movement? I mean, such folk as Norman Podhoretz? Irving Kristol? Daniel Bell? Midge Decter? Seymour Lipset?—those highly educated, highly idealistic men and women who have had the courage to measure the shortcomings of schematic liberalism? "These men," says Mr. Fairlie, "are not evil. They are not even reactionary. They simply are vulgar ["are simply vulgar" would be less vulgar]." No one with nostrils less flared than Henry Fairlie's can imagine the pain of having to breathe the same air as Irving Kristol.

You see, although he elected to leave Europe, Fairlie simply has to say it for our own good. America is less *cosmopolitan* than Europe. Poor Europe. "Europe shudders today," Mr. Fairlie tells the readers of the Washington *Post*. "The America which Europe fears is the America of the Reaganites . . . The Reaganites on the floor [in Detroit at the convention] were exactly those who in Germany gave the Nazis their main strength and who in France collaborated with them and sustained Vichy."

Waal, Henry, over here in America, though less cosmopolitan than across the pond among the folks you came from, we never have elected a Hitler to power. Strange. And we never had a Vichy government—strange. And we never swore we'd refuse to fight for king and country, at a moment in history that made possible the rise of Hitler. And we didn't fashion the diplomacy that created two world wars, thirty million killed; and an Eastern Empire ruled by Josef Stalin. Perhaps it requires a little provincialism to contrive a diplomacy of a kind that doesn't depend on the United States, every generation or so, to send the Yanks over to bail out the cosmopolitans.

Mr. Fairlie begins his lovesong to America by denouncing the tiresomeness and vulgarity of Henry Mencken, who himself railed against the philistines. "Mencken could in his writing be as much a boor as them," pronounces Henry Fairlie, who should study grammar before graduating to the study of manners.

From **RIGHT REASON • By Wm. F. Buckley Jr.**

Reviewed in The New Republic, February 10, 1986, by Henry Fairlie

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FERRARO VS. BLUMENTHAL: AN EXCHANGE

To the editors:
I have just finished reading Sidney Blumenthal's review of my book, *Ferraro: My Story* ("Once Upon a Time in America," January 6&13). I think we can safely say Sidney (a) doesn't like me and (b) doesn't like my book even more.

But neither that nor the half-truths, distorted truths, and untruths throughout the article move me to write this letter. They merely prove that as an investigative reporter Sidney writes readable fiction.

The reason I am writing is to once and for all set the record straight with reference to my father. He did not live in Newburgh in the 1920s and did not work for Michael DeVasto. My father came to the United States around 1920. He lived in Astoria, Queens, with his aunt upon arrival and worked driving a horse-and-wagon for a wet-wash laundry in Manhattan. In 1926 when his brother married, my father went to live with him and his sister-in-law in their house in Astoria. He married by mother in 1927. They also bought a house in Astoria, and my brother Carl was born in Boulevard Hospital in Queens in 1929. My brother Gerard was born two years later, also in Queens but at home. My parents moved to Newburgh in late 1933/early 1934. I was born in Newburgh in 1935. Most of the above can be verified through public records.

I've picked probably the most irrelevant item, among the many irrelevancies, to respond to, but I do so because lies about my father hurt the most. He was lost too young to a little girl who adored him. Innuendos about organized crime connections are nothing new. There isn't an ethnic who is not aware of how he/she is stereotyped including, I'm sure, Sidney. I guess I'm relying on the intelligence of your readers to see through it.

GERALDINE A. FERRARO
Forest Hills, New York

P.S. Since one good turn deserves another, will THE NEW REPUBLIC allow me to review Sidney's upcoming book on the New Right?

To the editors:
Under the guise of a book review, Sidney Blumenthal's article on Geraldine Ferraro defames the entire Italian-American community. Mr. Blumenthal's piece is a vicious rehash of allegations—guilt by supposed associations and innuendos aimed at the former vice presidential candidate.

To equate the Ferraro family story, as Mr. Blumenthal does, with the fictional Corleone family of the "Godfather" books revives the sentiment that an Italian-American, no matter how talented, must somewhere along the way have been aided by "you know what."

Nowhere does Mr. Blumenthal mention that Ms. Ferraro has never been charged with any crime. If Mr. Blumenthal and THE NEW REPUBLIC believe that Geraldine Ferraro has organized crime connections, they should say so directly rather than resorting to the suggestive and indirect techniques employed in Mr. Blumenthal's article, such as his question: "Does she have to be guilty for us to know who she is?"

WILLIAM DENIS FUGAZY
President, Coalition of Italo-American Associations Inc.
New Rochelle, New York

To the editors:
It would be one thing if Geraldine Ferraro had announced that she was a candidate for the Senate, but that was not the case when THE NEW REPUBLIC ran its recent story on her. And it would be one thing if TNR had something new to say about Ferraro. But Sidney Blumenthal must have written his article with the *New York Post* and the *Philadelphia Inquirer* spread out before him.

But the gratuitous and redundant nature of the article is not its worst part. Blumenthal has done a smear job. He questions the origin of the family wealth even while he admits that Ferraro may be a "paragon of legality." He says that Ferraro can only be understood in the context of the organized crime figures who crossed her family's path. But he offers no evidence that Gerry Ferraro or John Zaccaro ever participated in the activities of organized crime. That's what a smear means: all accusation, no proof.

The heart of Blumenthal's case is the list of unsavory characters who were tenants of Zaccaro, contributors to Ferraro's campaign, or associates of the parents of Ferraro and Zaccaro. On the basis of a jumbled list of relationships, some of which ended more than 40 years ago, Blumenthal presumes to tell us, in his words, "who she is," as if a person were the sum of some of the people he (or his parents) once knew. Ferraro is, in his words, the product of a "Mob milieu": "Despite her personal attractiveness, her support of worthy causes, and her admirable compassion, her story can be understood only by taking the Mob milieu into account."

The question is, what in the world does "Mob milieu" mean? Apparently it's a kind of disease, which you can catch through no fault of your own.

Blumenthal's words are incautious, loose, imprecise. Anyone who compares Geraldine Ferraro to a character in *The Godfather* is not being careful—is not mindful that this comparison is offensive, nor that this comparison sheds more light on Blumenthal than it possibly does on Ferraro. (There are plenty of stories about the "aspiration to legitimate power," which is how Blumenthal invokes this movie, and they don't all concern Italian mobsters.) And anyone who raises questions without grounds for suspicion about the origin of another man's wealth—as if it were not possible for anyone named Zaccaro to make money by legal means—is reckless. There's so much in this piece that is reckless and unfair that I cannot see why THE NEW REPUBLIC decided to publish it.

JOHN FREDERICK MARTIN
Washington, D.C.

To the editors:
I was appalled at the unfair article about Gerry Ferraro by Sidney Blumenthal. As a former journalist, I can recognize an unfair, slanted, and irresponsible piece.

First of all, using the format of a book review to make all kinds of charges about Gerry is outrageous. A book review should be about a book. If the author chose to go in another direction, the least he could have done was to call some of Gerry's former colleagues to get a balanced picture.

Having had the privilege of serving with Gerry in Congress, I can tell you about Gerry's character, firsthand: she is a human being who is caring, compassionate, smart, and driven by a strong desire to keep this country a land of op-

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portunity. She was a respected leader in the Congress on women's issues and fairness issues. The story you ran cannot help but send my opinion of your publication crashing to the floor.

BARBARA BOXER
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

To the editors:

After reading Sidney Blumenthal's article on Geraldine Ferraro, after viewing the disgusting drawing of Ms. Ferraro by Vint Lawrence "for THE NEW REPUBLIC," and after being subjected to the cover drawing (which is an editorial comment in itself), here are some thoughts: (1) There wasn't one bit of information in the piece that hadn't already been covered during the vice presidential campaign. (2) The focal point of the article was (is) a dead issue. (3) This was journalism at its worst because character assassination and guilt by association were a substitute for credible data. (4) The article proved once again that McCarthyism is alive and well.

BETTY J. HONEY
Williamston, Michigan

To the editors:

Gerry Ferraro was a terrific assistant district attorney, a superb member of Congress, an effective chair of the Democratic Platform Committee, and an outstanding and courageous nominee on a ticket doomed to defeat. Not once did Blumenthal discuss her performance as a candidate or her value as a person.

Thirty-nine million of us owe a debt of gratitude to Fritz Mondale and Gerry Ferraro. They gave us hope when we had none.

I trust that THE NEW REPUBLIC reviewer of Blumenthal's forthcoming book will not judge it, or him, on the basis of the lives allegedly led by his parents or spouse or any of their associates.

NORMAN S. GAINES
McLean, Virginia

Sidney Blumenthal replies:

Geraldine Ferraro challenges only one "irrelevant" detail in my review, which is about her father's connection to Michael DeVasto and the exact time he first turned up in Newburgh, New York.

In 1928 Dominic Ferraro was arrested on Long Island on bootlegging charges. According to Francis DeVasto, the son of Michael DeVasto, who directed a criminal syndicate in Newburgh, Ferraro began operating there in the late 1920s, probably after his Long Island arrest. "My father gave him protection," Francis DeVasto recalled. This interview was reported in 1984 by the *New York Post*. After my review appeared, Guy Hawtin, the *Post*'s reporter, sent me his unpublished notes, which read: "Dominic Ferraro arrived in Newburgh in the mid-1920s and he brought his new wife, Antonetta, to the city in 1926, according to a leading Newburgh attorney, now retired. 'He'd started off as a driver for DeVasto's rum-running operations. Then Mike gave him the Roxy to run,' said the 72-year-old lawyer. The lawyer is a former associate of Newburgh attorney Michael Moses, Ferraro's lawyer. We cannot mention his name. He is most definite about the time of Ferraro's arrival."

Though it was unreported during the 1984 campaign, there is another incident involving Dominic Ferraro that cannot be questioned because of the source of its reportage. This incident is a matter of public record, documented in the files of the New York State Liquor Authority. On May 21, 1941, Dominic Ferraro had his liquor license for the Roxy Bar and Grill in Newburgh revoked. The reason for the revocation was that he was apprehended in the act of using women in his club to induce men to purchase drinks for them. These women were called "B-girls," and they were on his payroll. (Often "B-girls" engaged in prostitution, but there is no record of that at the Roxy.) As a result of the Liquor Authority's action, Ferraro was forced to sell his stock and close his club on June 3, 1941.

Geraldine Ferraro clearly refuses to acknowledge such facts about her father. Perhaps she has no idea of what business her father engaged in. Perhaps she has no idea who her husband's father was. Perhaps she has no idea who some of her husband's associates have been. Perhaps she has no idea that some of the people she has associated with, even in her own political campaigns, have criminal records and ties.

Is raising these questions a way of tarring her through guilt by association? The issue here is not necessarily any criminal guilt on her part, but the existence of these associations. What's wrong with inquiring into the Ferraro background? Her history, after all, is of more than personal interest. Just because she steadfastly refuses to come to terms with it doesn't mean that others are forbidden to investigate or question. Ferraro has written a best-selling book to tell her own story, which provided the occasion for my piece. This lucrative book intended to explain more than her political viewpoint. It intended to offer her family background as a principal source of her political appeal. But there was a lot missing from and apparently misleading in her official version. My aim was to deal with her book and her life on the terms she had set herself.

Ferraro gathers that I don't like her. But anyone who reads my coverage of the 1984 campaign in THE NEW REPUBLIC will see that every reference to her was generally favorable. In approaching her book, I had no malice aforethought. The book itself—so very bad, so lacking in dignity, so spotty on her personal story—led me to read all the clippings on her that appeared during the campaign. And that led me to write the kind of review I did.

I am still baffled by aspects of the Ferraro story. Does she really not know what people closest to her have done with their lives? If she has even a glimmer of perception about this aspect of her background, did she actually believe that it was extraneous to her running for the vice presidency, one heartbeat away? Did she think it would never be reported? That it would have no bearing on how she would be seen? That she should not bother to tell Walter Mondale about it? That should it come out, in whatever form, it would not be used to discredit her, the Mondale candidacy, the Democrats, the women's movement? Or did these questions not occur to her at all?

In *All the King's Men*, Robert Penn Warren's novel about Huey Long, the central question is whether a sinful man can do worldly good. In the most favorable reading of Ferraro's situation, the question may be whether a good woman, by her protective devotion to family, may have done larger harm. Private virtue may not always be public good. The letter Ferraro writes on this subject should not be sent to me, but more properly to Walter Mondale.

My apology to George Santangello for identifying him as both John Zaccaro's and Michael LaRosa's attorney. He is in fact only LaRosa's.

Finally, I have asked my publisher to send Ferraro a review copy of my book. □

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Alike Except for Differences

New films from Martin Ritt and Sidney Lumet, arriving together, make it reasonable to look at the two men together. They have much in common. Both are in their 60s, with Ritt the senior by four years. Both are New York Jews. (Lumet's father was a well-known Yiddish actor.) Both began as theater actors and directors, then went into television.

Murphy's Romance
(Columbia)

Power
(20th Century-Fox)

Both began directing films in 1957, and each has directed more than 25 films. Their overriding similarity is that they both love to direct. This love shines from their work. It isn't a demonstrable fact, but it's certainly a recognizable effect. With some other long-established directors, I feel that they slog along chiefly because they don't know what else to do. With some directors far loftier than Ritt or Lumet, I feel that they know they have done their important work, their unique work, and are continuing just because they haven't yet had the good luck to die. Neither Ritt nor Lumet has made a film that comes close to ranking with the best in history, yet it seems clear that, to them, directing is the act of life, the fullest exercise of being. And that commitment, plus their own backgrounds, may be what enables them so often to get good performances from their casts.

Each has tangled with big-name authors. Ritt has done two adaptations of Faulkner, *The Long Hot Summer* and *The Sound and the Fury*, as well as *Hemingway's Adventures of a Young Man*. Lumet has done *The Sea Gull* (one of his worst), *A View from the Bridge*, *Long Day's Journey into Night*, and *The Fugitive Kind* (Williams's *Orpheus Descending*). And each man has been given a handy tag that is contradicted by his career.

Ritt is called a socially concerned director. He has certainly made such pictures: *Norma Rae* (his best, I think), *The Front*, *The Molly Maguires*, *Hombre*, *Sounder*, *Conrack*, and *Edge of the City*. But he has also made "straight" drama, *Hud* and *Pete 'n' Tillie*; gangster pictures, *The Black Orchid* and *The Brotherhood*; the film of a LeCarré novel, *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold*; and two horse pictures, *Casey's Shadow* and his latest.

Murphy's Romance is the perfect title for the new picture: the title begins to amble even before the story starts ambling. The script by Harriet Frank Jr. and Irving Ravetch, who have written much for Ritt, is far removed from the tensions of their *Norma Rae* and their Faulkner adaptations. The script was intended to exploit sentimentally the rustic pluckiness of Sally Field as developed in *Norma Rae* and *Places in the Heart* and to link her grit with James Garner's fetching ease, an ease made all the more fetching because he is now willing to admit his aging middle age. The story also exploits Ritt's evident liking for horses.

All these elements make for a pleasant program picture, as it used to be called, an excuse to spend a couple of hours in the company of people you like. But it would be even more engaging if it weren't quite so foreordained that Field is going to succeed in her job. (She is a divorcée with a young son who arrives in an Arizona town to take over a rundown farm and turn it into a boarding stable.) Also, if Garner, the town's widower druggist, weren't so all-fired wise that he never gives faulty advice or makes a mistake. Also, if the threat raised by the sudden appearance of Field's ex-husband weren't so easily wiped away when the plot no longer needs it.

But the traverse to the finish is cozy because of the interplay Ritt gets from his cast; because, with William A. Fraker's camera, he makes us see this gaunt town through the locals' eyes; and because he knows how to use space. A long argument between Field and her ex-husband would be static if Ritt hadn't moved it from the kitchen to the living room and then around the porch. That sort of problem-solving, including the way he handles the film's very last line, interested him more than the film as a whole, I'd guess. He just liked directing it.

Lumet has always been very much more intent on visual virtuosity than Ritt, and it took him long years to make it his servant rather than his dream. By now he too has a tag that doesn't describe him fully. He's a "big city" director, as attested by *Stage Struck*, *Bye Bye Braverman*, *Serpico*, *Prince of the City*, *The Verdict*, *Dog Day Afternoon*, and his latest film. But there are also a British army picture, *The Hill* (some of his best work); mysteries, *The Deadly Affair*, *Murder on the Orient Express*, and *Deathtrap*; a musical, *The Wiz*; and *Equus*. (Can we call the last one Lumet's horse picture?) Unlike Ritt, Lumet's latest film does fit his tag.

The press has rapped *Power* heavily, which puzzles me, especially since the rapping has usually been done in favor

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Out of Africa. Meryl Streep's regal acting as Karen Blixen does much to redeem the unfocused adaptation of *Out of Africa* (and other books), though she can't quite compensate for Robert Redford's unsuitable performance as her lover. (Reviewed 1/20/86)

Ran. Akira Kurosawa's version of *King Lear* (the title is Japanese for "chaos") is not a tragedy, but it is a powerful display of some of a master's mastery. (1/6&13/86)

Shoah. Hebrew for "holocaust." Claude Lanzmann's nine-and-a-half-hour documentary, shown in two parts, is a work unequaled in film history. A monument of testimony by survivors, witnesses, and participants, it fixes the Final Solution in the mind and memory with a presence that no printed text, however fine, could provide. (Every foot of film was shot after 1976; there is no archival footage.) It is a work that no civilized person will want to miss or will be able to forget. (10/28/85)

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of *Network*. To me, that 1976 picture and this one are just about equally slick, equally superficial, equally exploitative of pressing matters, equally entertaining. The reviewers may have been more influenced than they realize by the fact that the protagonist of the earlier film was Peter Finch, beside whom Richard Gere, the protagonist here, is dim. The earlier script, by Paddy Chayefsky, investigated the baleful manipulations of TV generally and ended with a democratic outburst by Finch that sent the folks home happy, feeling at least briefly that vox populi had spoken. This new film, by David Himmelstein, is about a smoothie media consultant for election campaigns, and it ends with some small false consolation. Gere produces TV spots and tailors personae to get his people into office—at a good fee. He whizzes all over the country, and to Latin America, in his private jet, letting off excess energy by drumming on a rubber pad while listening to his Walkman. The one dollop of Chayefsky treacle comes near the end when Gere gives some sincere advice to a sincere college-professor candidate in a gubernatorial race who uses it to come in second instead of third. But the picture finishes with a long slow pan of computers and TV equipment while a band loudly blares "The Stars and Stripes Forever."

It's all just the latest instance of the recurrent American theme, Selling Out, joining up or not, which has been on America's mind at least since *Walden*. *Power* treats it as it's been treated ever since *The Hucksters* 40 years ago: with hustle, glitz, sex, and inside jargon. Gere keeps saying that he doesn't care about the client's views: he just wants to get the candidate elected, after which the official is on his/her own. I can't see that this policy is any different from or worse than what most campaign management has always been—except that now, instead of flattering the hometown folks who cluster around the back of a train, the speaker can "sell" millions at a time.

Lumet's film loads the dice a bit by making most of Gere's clients absolute wimps. (Compare Michael Ritchie's superior film, *The Candidate*, written by Jeremy Larner, in which Robert Redford knows exactly what's being done to him and what it's costing him in more than money.) This picture implies that real power in campaigns is with the media consultant rather than with those who run political parties and who hire the media consultants. I doubt this implication. But Lumet and his editor, Andrew Mondshein, sizzle the film along. Mod Barbie-doll sex is supplied by Kate Capshaw and Julie Christie. Gene Hackman, without whom no American film is complete nowadays, plays an alcoholic ex-mentor of Gere. I was puzzled by the lighting in Gere's offices and home, which made them look like the War Room in *2001*. Otherwise, I thought *Power* a fair enough example, like *Network*, of well-manufactured, toothless-tiger satire.

Any overall comments on directors' careers, like mine above, are based on a falsehood: the suggestion that choice is as available to a director as it is to a novelist or a painter. Still, in the long run, characteristics usually emerge. No one could possibly think that Ritt had made *Power* or that Lumet had made *Murphy's Romance*. The best aspect of both films for me is that two old pros are still working along, doing what they know and what they love to do.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER

Highballs and Ballups

The subject of Keith Reddin's new play at the Public Theater, *Rum and Coke*, is coded in the title. Rum and Coke proportionately blended are a concoction known to senior prom circles as a "cuba libre": *Free* Cuba, a descriptive adjective misconstrued by the Kennedy administration as an imperative verb. *Rum and Coke* concerns the American effort to liberate this island 90 miles to our south from Castro Communism through an aborted invasion by Miami-based Cuban exiles backed by the CIA—surely one of the most idiotic enterprises in a long catalog of absurd government adventures.

It was Philip Roth who first remarked that the behavior of contemporary Americans, whether official or civilian, had become so extreme that it was outstripping the writer's capacity for satire. The challenge to any playwright addressing an event so incredibly botched, so ludicrous in planning and execution, as the Bay of Pigs fiasco is to discover an appropriate tone. Reddin's solution mixes baffled innocence, ironic indignation, and documentary facts in proportions as sweet and potent as his titular mixed drink.

I suspect his unconscious model was Stanley Kubrick's *Doctor Strangelove*, another comedy of disaster about government agencies gone temporarily mad. While Reddin's wrath is considerably milder than the lunatic fury of that surreal farce, his scalpel has its sharp edges. In place of Group Captain Mandrake—Kubrick's personification of impotent exasperation—he substitutes a young Yale graduate named Jake Seward to witness, and to participate in, the events leading up to the Cuban invasion. Jake spent some time in Havana as a child, and later ran a radio program in Caracas, playing records and making jokes. There he met Vice President Nixon during his ill-fated visit to Venezuela. This makes him a ripe candidate for the CIA, which recruits him to train exiled Cubans in broadcasting.

Under other circumstances, Jake would probably grow up to be George Bush. He has (aside from the habit of wearing white socks with his pinstriped suits) a perfect Ivy League finish combined with the capacity to rationalize the more barbarous behavior of his own government. He also has an older sister, Linda, a reporter for *Time* magazine, who functions initially as his political conscience ("What's your country? Connecticut?") until she too is co-opted by the promise of a government job. In the course of their meetings around Miami pools and restaurant tables, Linda, the liberal investigative reporter, gradually transforms physically and spiritually into an administration apologist and press secretary for Jackie Kennedy. What attracts her is the first lady's chic—"She's class; we could use a little class around here"—contrasted with the style of the previous administration, symbolized by Ike walking around on polished White House floors in golf cleats, swinging a nine iron.

Jake is first recruited for his new position by a smooth functionary named Rodger Potter and by Tod Cartmell, a Texas redneck with a ferocious hatred

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of Sinatra; the latter tells stories about a four-foot worm that once dropped out of someone's backside into a pan of milk ("You guys hungry? You want something to eat?"). At a CIA board meeting, Jake is apprised of the plans for overthrowing Castro—planting LSD in his double corona, spraying his beard with a strong depilatory to make it fall out overnight, hiring a member of the Mob (syndicate money being tied up in Cuban casinos) for purposes of assassination. Bizarre as this sounds, it is the stuff of history, if not of *Godfather II*. But Jake nevertheless proceeds with his obligation to train "freedom fighters"—exiled Cubans stationed in Guatemala whose hatred for Castro is surpassed only by their unrequited lust. (Until the whores arrive, they have to be satisfied with Kim Novak movies.)

Jake's patriotism has been fueled by his personal contact with Nixon in Venezuela. Reddin intercuts scenes from this besieged meeting—where Nixon, dodging stones, admits, "People don't take to me; I'm not the life of the party"—with brief shots of Castro, complete with beret, cigar, and fatigues, teaching baseball to kids playing "Yankee invader." Later, when Jake begins developing doubts about the invasion and telephones Nixon, now a defeated presidential candidate, for reassurance, he is answered with character-building bromides and invective against Eastern Ivy League professors who watered down his original invasion plan.

Jake has qualms not about the act of overthrowing Castro, but rather about the means. He knows the CIA has overestimated the extent of native Cuban discontent with their government, and without a local uprising his Cuban exile friends will be left behind on the beaches, expendable sacrifices to a callous and careless bureaucracy. He attempts, unsuccessfully, to expose the situation to Linda for publication in *Time*. But the administration has already asked Time-Life to kill the story on security grounds ("Hey, we're all patriotic Americans"), and anyway she's more occupied with persuading Jake to dress like a Kennedy. Eventually, he tries a Deep Throat maneuver, handing stolen memos to a newspaper reporter who turns out to be a CIA contact. He is apprehended by Rodger for breach of security.

"We're fucked," he moans, and when the smoke clears, it is obvious the Cuban invaders have been fucked too. American support has faded away. Fidel stands over the survivors gloatingly, meting out sentences ranging from imprisonment to death. The opposition has vanished, but as Fidel says, "I am still here." Nixon calls it "a bigger fuckup than PT 109." Linda has lost her job; Jake faces trial. Brother and sister, both now dressed Kennedy style, reminisce over the good times they once had in pre-Castro Cuba, over its pleasures and corruptions: "It made me feel special." When the investigative report of the invasion was issued in 1961, Jake cried and threw up. "How could we have been so dumb?"

Rum and Coke ends an elegy for lost innocence and lost honor. For the young Reddin, Cuba represents a historic event as catastrophic to patriotic ideals as Suez continues to be for young Englishmen. (*Rum and Coke*'s English counterpart is David Hare's *Plenty*, another elegiac study of the subversion of personal values by official duplicity.) But although the play has a political subject, it is not strictly speaking a political work. Reddin takes no stand regarding the ethics of overthrowing Castro. What fires him is the betrayal of committed human beings in a stupidly contrived adventure. In common with previous work by this developing dramatist, *Rum and Coke* deals with historic subjects largely in an effort to humanize them, conforming to Chekhov's dictum that "writers and artists must concern themselves with politics only insofar as it is necessary to put up a defense against politics." In short, the play is a document more eloquent than most of the speeches at the recent PEN conference about the adversary relationship between the "writer's imagination" and "the imagination of the state."

Rum and Coke has its flaws, most of them confirming Roth's remarks about the inadequacy of modern satire in the face of contemporary reality. Often Reddin can invent nothing more ludicrous than the established facts, which gives his work the feel of newsprint scraped off the front page. Some of his characters—the redneck Texan, for example—are stereotypes. His portrayal of Nixon ("Maybe you don't know it, but I sweat") is conventional and facile, little better than a stand-up impersonation, and his cruel paternalistic Castro is neither fully imagined nor realized. His intercutting and flashback techniques are more cinematic than theatrical. And his tangential comic monologues—Tod's story of the four-foot

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worm, the exile leader Miguel's account of a Guatemalan woman smoking a cigarette "with her thing"—while providing the wildest, most virtuosic moments in the play, occasionally seem extraneous to the action.

Still, *Rum and Coke* is never less than intriguing, and sometimes very moving. It is also enjoying a dynamic, fluid production at the Public under the direction of Les Waters. John Arnone's design makes economical use of a small stage, with set pieces gliding in against a corrugated background. Peter MacNicol's glandular Jake, partly based on the playwright himself (also a gifted comic actor), is two parts goat to one part hero; the actor somehow manages to evoke sympathy for his character without underestimating his myopia. Polly Draper has a hoarse-voiced Debra Winger appeal as the mature Linda, and playing her as an adolescent in Havana—a debutante stick with a corsage, shoving a hankie in her bra in preparation for a date with a Cuban lothario—she displays considerable comic talent as well. Tony Plana as a betrayed exile spokesman, Larry Bryggman as the insensate CIA chief, Michael Ayr as Rodger, John Bedford-Lloyd as a variety of characters—indeed, virtually the entire cast—deliver a performance that extracts the last ounce of outraged humor from this engaged and engaging play.

THE STRAINED STATE

The Siege: The Saga of Israel and Zionism by Conor Cruise O'Brien

(Simon and Schuster, 798 pp., $24.95)

Conor Cruise O'Brien's new book presents a history of Zionism from its pre-Herzl days, and a history of Mandatory Palestine and the state of Israel up to the post-Begin era. Highly readable (more than can be said about many other books in this field), it is a reliable guide on the major issues for the general reader. Mr. O'Brien has admirably mastered the secondary literature, which is very rich up to 1948 and less satisfactory after that. He makes remarkably few minor mistakes covering tangled terrain. (One of them concerns me, whom he credits with having written a history of Israel.)

Wisely Mr. O'Brien does not aim to break fresh ground, were that even possible. But his vantage point—he is the detached but friendly outsider—gives his work a freshness lacking in most of the committed literature on the subject. The histories of Zionism and Israel have not attracted many writers who are not Jewish; one ought to be doubly grateful, then, for the work of so highly civilized a writer who brings a new perspective to the task. It is hard to disagree (although I have some reservations, about which more later) with O'Brien's conclusion that Israel could not be altogether different from what it is, and that the Moslem world cannot acquiesce openly, fully, and voluntarily in a Jewish state in Palestine, with Arab subjects and a capital in Jerusalem. Thus Israel will indeed be a country in some way under siege for an indefinite future. This is, in short, a fine book, which will surely be attacked from the left as well as from the right, in the Third World as well as in the first and second.

It is only fair to add, however, that the book does not give a full picture. To a certain degree, this was inevitable: there is a limit to what one can expect from a history that spans such a long period and covers so many subjects. O'Brien took as his model Edmund Wilson's *To the Finland Station*, a classic of its kind. But Wilson wrote an essay on the history of ideas—specifically, of the political ideas that led to the Russian revolution of 1917. He did not include a history of the Soviet Union as well. Only the first quarter of *The Siege*, however, deals with the Zionist idea. What follows is political—to a large extent, indeed, diplomatic—history. Unfortunately that is not stuff that easily lends itself to *haute vulgarisation*. The story is bound to cover too many events and personalities, many of them ephemeral; it leads in too many different directions. It is a story, moreover, important to those immediately concerned, but sometimes without much universal interest. To trace these diplomatic activities is an exhausting enterprise, and it leaves little space for the rest of the story. Thus, it is never made quite clear precisely what kind of society the *yishuv* was in the 1920s and 1930s; what exactly were the features of the state that came into being after 1948; in what way it was or still is sui generis; and so on.

O'BRIEN relates that he literally felt the hair rise on the back of his neck when he read the writings of Vladimir Jabotinsky. But the views of the founder of Revisionist Zionism should have come as no surprise to the student of Irish (or indeed Polish) nationalism. Jabotinsky was the best orator of his time, and a brilliant essayist. But he was, in the final analysis, only a litterateur, if a very gifted one, who appeared on the scene after the theoretical foundations of Zionism had already been laid by another litterateur named Theodor Herzl, and after a scientist named Chaim Weizmann had persuaded the British to issue the Balfour declaration. At this stage in the history of Zionism the emphasis shifted from speeches and literary essays to practical work. And in this respect Jabotinsky and his followers had not that much to contribute. In short, Jabotinsky's role, in retrospect, was modest.

If Jabotinsky had never lived, in sum, the state of Israel would still have come into being. It would not have been founded but for the people who built Tel Aviv, Haifa, Nahalal, the *kvutzot* and the kibbutzim. Their story is not always very exciting or glamorous, but it was the decisive factor, for when the United Nations Special Committee on Palestine decided to divide Palestine in 1947, the partition followed more or less the line of Jewish settlement. The reader of O'Brien's book will look in vain, however, for such names as Dizengoff and Ruppin, for the men and women of the second and third *aliyah*, or immigration to Palestine, who built the country. (Ben-Gurion, of course, appears.) Instead he will find a whole page devoted to Naftali Lubenchik, who in January 1941 went to Beirut to offer to assist the Germans in wresting Palestine from the British, in exchange for a Hebrew state. A fascinating story, no doubt; but since Lubenchik represented only himself, and maybe four other madmen, not a very important one.

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O'Brien writes eloquently about the state of Israel, but he shies away from making judgments. Perhaps he thought that a state that has come in for massive attacks from many quarters does not need any more criticism; and that criticism is not, in any case, the main task of an outsider. But it is still true that the obscurantism of some of the Jewish clergy or the unbridled chauvinism of the Jewish terrorists, to take two disturbing recent phenomena, are worthy at least of passing mention when writing about Israel. (Certainly O'Brien unreservedly criticizes terrorists at home.) One cannot write about Israel without confronting the decisive questions of whether, and to what extent, the Zionist vision is today faithfully embodied in the Jewish state.

O'BRIEN notes that while Israelis of European origin inherited a value system largely drawn from the European Enlightenment, most of the Oriental Jews have no such inheritance—indeed, they tend to find that legacy more or less incomprehensible, and either irrelevant or contrary to Israel's need in its actual besieged condition. This is correct. The author might have added that the same applies a fortiori to Orthodox Jewry, Israeli style, for whom liberal democracy is certainly not a supreme ethical value. Similar trends, far more blatant, can easily be found all over the Third World; it is ironic that the very same people who 25 years ago denounced Israel for not shedding its Western traditions and not integrating itself, spiritually as well as politically, into the new postcolonial era, are even more unhappy now that certain intellectual and political features of the Third World have found strong sympathies in parts of the Israeli population.

The implications of O'Brien's observation for Israeli foreign policy are clear. Israel has not been lucky in the choice of its adversaries. Obviously the establishment of a Jewish state in any part of the globe would have provoked resistance and conflict. Very likely there would have been war. Throughout history states have usually developed through strife and war, and not on the basis of a social contract. But it is also likely that at the end of a conflict there would have been a compromise, and some sort of peace. But facing the Arabs—unhappy nations all, more or less unable to come to terms with modernity, incapable of overcoming their internal divisions and conflicts—there

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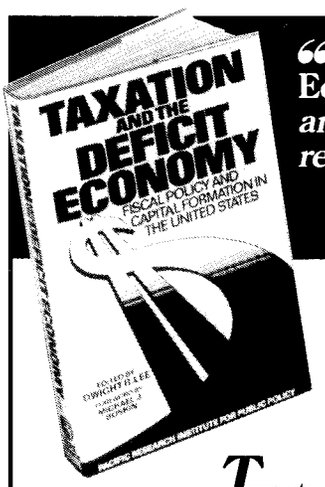

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is little chance for such a compromise. According to the Palestine National Covenant of 1968, the Palestinian Arab state is to be secular and democratic. But precisely such a state exists nowhere between Morocco, South Yemen, and Iraq—and there is no good reason to assume that it will come into being on the West Bank and in Gaza.

O'Brien points to the tragic fact that Israel's freedom of action in foreign policy is limited. The most it can hope for, he contends, is to defuse the conflict in negotiations with Jordan, and perhaps also Syria. Here he concludes his analysis. He should have gone further. For Israel's domestic scene, too, is shaped by the strictly limited enthusiasm among most Moroccan and Orthodox Jews for humanism, the brotherhood of man, and other democratic values. This, in the long run, could well be even more decisive for the future character of Israeli policy—indeed for Israeli society.

IT would be ridiculous to blame Israel for not living up in many respects to the dreams of the early Zionists. Such dreams seldom blossom in the harsh reality of politics. All new societies are subject to routinization, the exhaustion of ideological energy, and all kinds of unfortunate developments unforeseen by their precursors. (Israel's case can be studied in authoritative detail in Shmuel Eisenstadt's new work, *The Transformation of Israeli Society*.) The real problem is not, of course, that Israel has become a normal state, that there are Jewish thieves and Jewish prostitutes, that the *yishuv* of 1986 is no longer a relatively small elite group. The source of the problem is not even the clash between the idea of the return to Zion and the ideas of the Enlightenment. It lies, rather, in the fact that most of those who returned were not the Jews of the West, but the huddled and leaderless masses of Casablanca and Marrakesh and the Orthodox and ultra-Orthodox Jews from various parts of the world. It was out of this population that a modern society had to be built.

Various reasons have been given for the loss of influence of the Labor and liberal establishment in Israel that was dominant from the beginning to the middle 1970s. There were sins of omission and commission. Better conditions should have been provided for the new immigrants. There was a decline in both the motivation and the stature of leading Labor leaders in comparison with the generation of Ben-Gurion and the other founding fathers. But it is impossible to envisage, given the demographic changes, that even the most deeply motivated and highly capable leadership would have been able to integrate the chauvinism and the theocratic beliefs that came far more naturally to many new arrivals than did the Social Democratic faith, however moderate, of the old elite.

In brief, the influx was enormous and the population mix was unbalanced. It is easy to imagine what would have happened had the population of the United States grown sixfold in the first third of this century as the result of mass immigration. Given such circumstances, it is amazing that there was any integration at all in Israel—partly, no doubt, a result of the siege. Yet there is today not one Israel, but three Israels or four; and this has affected intellectual standards, social cohesion, respect for law, idealism, and the spirit of sacrifice.

Zionism, among other things, was a revolt against the ghetto and the casbah. This particular battle has not yet been won. A society that is half modern, half living in a not very attractive past, will not endure. One or the other mentality will prevail. Successive Israeli governments, out of a feeling of false tolerance and out of electoral considerations, have opted for concessions. It is easy to point to mitigating circumstances, but a tragic mistake was made and the bitter fruits are now being harvested. This is another story, however, and its place is in a book yet to be written.

WALTER LAQUEUR

Walter Laqueur is the author most recently of *A World of Secrets: The Uses and Limits of Intelligence* (Basic Books).

SLICING THE PIE

Equality in America: The View from the Top
by Sidney Verba and Gary R. Orren

(Harvard University Press, 352 pp., $25, $12.50 paper)

The American Ethos: Public Attitudes Toward Democracy
by Herbert McClosky and John Zaller

(Harvard University Press, 360 pp., $27.50)

The strength of the Republican coalition, and of its current leader Ronald Reagan, has forced a fundamental change in the American debate over equality, placing the issue at the center of political competition between the two parties. The intensified struggle for dominance between the Republican and Democratic parties has become the forum for the continuing attempt to define in policy the public meaning of equality. The growing ideological coherence of the GOP, particularly at the level of presidential nomination politics, and continuing Democratic Party strains between left and center have combined with the emergence of sustained partisan parity for the first time in over 50 years to end what had been a largely consensual agreement on egalitarian goals. For the present and immediate future, the battle between proponents of equality of opportunity and equality of result is being forced into the partisan arena.

The debate over equality is the subject of these two books. Their strength is that both, from different vantage points, set the stage for understanding the nation's politics in the decade before the Reagan revolution began. This strength, however, is also their central weakness; each depends almost entirely on poll data from pre-Reagan years, before the onset of stagflation under a Democratic administration. Neither book explores the critical changes within the American electorate since 1980, six years marked by a resurgence of class-based politics, as well as by an exacerbation of the conflict between Democratic elites and Democratic voters.

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Both books focus on a complex set of attitudes toward equality, examining the opinions of national elites and of the population at large in the 1970s. That decade marked a key turning point in the history of the last half-century—50 years of bitter and often violently polarized struggles over the egalitarian American vision. In *Equality in America*, Sidney Verba and Gary Orren explore the views of leaders of ten groups—business, farm, organized labor, intellectuals, Republicans, Democrats, blacks, feminists, media, and youth. Herbert McClosky and John Zaller's *The American Ethos* is a comparative study of the views of three groups—community "influentials," opinion leaders, and the general public. Although the core of each book is opinion poll data, both also include analytical essays that discuss the fundamental division in America between those who advocate the importance of equality of access (that is, legal prohibitions against discrimination) and those who press for equality of outcome (in income, employment, housing, and so on). In many respects, these differences parallel the disagreement between those who advocate political equality but oppose economic equality, and those who advocate both.

Verba and Orren demonstrate that in America there is a stronger commitment to political equality than in any other developed nation. At the same time, Americans hold views and adopt policies that produce one of the lowest levels of economic equality. Opposition to progressively redistributionist policies is strong not only among corporate leaders and Republicans, but also among Democrats who describe themselves as "very liberal" or "far left." "Even the least egalitarian leaders of Sweden, those of big business, are considerably more egalitarian not only than their business counterparts in the United States but also than the most radical American groups," Verba and Orren write. Very liberal or far-left Democratic and union leaders in the United States each supported income ratios of 12 to one, or income gaps 250 percent larger than the 4.7 to one ratio favored by Swedish big businessmen.

Verba and Orren explore in detail the finding that throughout the 1970s the growing liberalism of Democratic leaders increasingly alienated the party from its supporters, who were more conservative. Still, when issues of equality are broken down into subcategories of economic, gender, and racial equality, a very different picture emerges. Democratic leaders and Democratic voters were equally firm in their support for New Deal social welfare issues, including a strong commitment to government intervention in the economy. By contrast, on race and gender equality issues (quotas, the ERA), a liberal Democratic leadership was severely split from its supporters. On those same issues, Republican leaders were closer to the general electorate than their Democratic counterparts. Further analysis of the views not just of party leaders but of Democratic-leaning elites (blacks, feminists, labor leaders) and Republican elites (businessmen and farmers) points to some of the reasons the Democratic Party has recently had such difficulty in defining the national debate, in contrast to the GOP.

On six different measures of attitudes toward equality—gender, income redistribution, quotas, race, the causes of inequality, and social and economic programs enacted during the New Deal—Republican Party and business leaders hold almost identically conservative views. Farm leaders were also consistently conservative in their views, although not in perfect harmony with

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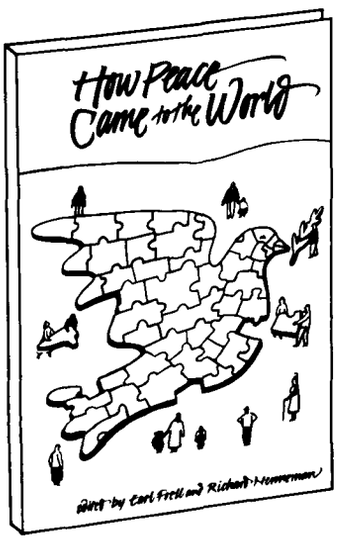

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GOP and business leaders. (The survey was taken at a time when the emergence of an ideologically conservative elite was not yet taken seriously; thus the data does not include the views of right-wing leaders, ideological or Christian. If the votes of many of the New Right members of Congress on budget and tax issues are any reflection, however, there probably is little disparity between this group and current GOP and corporate leaders.)

In contrast, Democratic elites are spread out from left to center of the ideological map on questions of economic, racial, and gender equality. The most divisive issue is quotas, with blacks far to the left, feminist leaders just slightly less so, Democratic leaders closer to the center, and labor leaders just to the right of center. And where Democrats ten years ago rallied behind New Deal issues, they may no longer do so; the survey was taken in 1976, before the emergence of double-digit inflation undermined a common willingness among party members to place stronger emphasis on jobs than on controlling prices.

THE AMERICAN ETHOS approaches many of the same issues, but from a different angle. McClosky and Zaller attempt to explore the subtleties of ideological differences between liberals and conservatives, and perhaps more important, between those holding strong, pro-capitalist views and those firmly committed to democratic principles. They argue that a central theme of the period running roughly from the rapid industrialization before the turn of the century to the 1950s and 1960s was the growing divergence between the values of capitalism and those of democracy. From the nation's founding through the post-Civil War period, capitalism and

> free enterprise provided the foundations for a democratic and largely egalitarian social order. Economic competition, for example, implied almost literally the elimination of special privileges. . . . the people who took strong stands in favor of free competition and unfettered enterprise were, by and large, the same people who championed popular sovereignty, equality of rights, and individual freedom.

The emergence of large corporations and the growing concentration of wealth at the turn of the century functioned to erode the shared goals of capitalism and democracy:

> The traditional faith in minimal government, originally associated with the desire to prevent the powerful from subjugating the weak, was now invoked to strengthen the economic power of the wealthy few. Thus capitalism and democracy, once allies against the inequities of the old European order, increasingly diverged.

This split became a central theme in American politics from Bryan to Teddy Roosevelt to Truman, as antagonism toward trusts and corporate America became a mobilizing tool.

BOTH of these books, then, describe the last moment of Democratic party hegemony, but neither examines in any detail contemporary alterations of public attitudes and of partisan allegiance, and the massive infusion of money from conservative foundations and corporations to move the political and intellectual climate to the right. Perhaps more important, however, is the substantial effort by Ronald Reagan, by much of the conservative movement, and by a substantial wing of the Republican Party to alter what we may call the American ethic. If there is a central theme to the work of the current administration, it is an attempt to restore the unity between capitalism and democracy, to revive corporate endeavor as an emancipating force, and to portray government as an adversary to widespread productive activity. Announcing his 1985 tax-reform bill, Reagan declared:

> My goal is an America bursting with opportunity, an America that celebrates freedom every day. . . . For starters, lowering personal tax rates will give a hefty boost to the nearly 15 million small businesses which are individual proprietorships or partnerships. To further promote business formation, we propose to reduce the maximum corporate rate—now 46 percent—to 33 percent.

Reagan's success in altering the basic terms of the national debate on issues of equality cannot be overemphasized. It is partly the product of major economic and demographic changes influencing the nation's politics. In the 1960s Americans crossed a political divide, and the Democratic Party lost its ability to piece together a coalition of the deprived and those who remembered deprivation. Median family income in the 20 years from 1950 to 1970 nearly doubled in constant, 1981 dollars, from $12,539 to $23,111, while the size of families was declining. More important, not only did the poverty rate fall from 22.2 percent in 1960 to 12.6 percent in 1970, but the percentage of families with incomes above $25,000 (in constant, 1980 dollars) grew geometrically, from just eight percent in 1952 to 19 percent in 1960 and 38 percent in 1970.

At the same time, whites began to leave the Democratic Party when its national agenda shifted toward blacks. In the South, in particular, the Republican revolution began as an insurgency of affluent whites; they provided, in the early 1960s, the volunteers, the structure, the financial resources, and the initial voting strength for the nascent GOP. Southern Republican Party allegiance then slowly seeped downward, first to the middle class and now to the white working class.

Partisan political changes reflecting these demographic shifts were distorted by Watergate, which propped up a Democratic Party in serious trouble, postponing the need to address the intensifying problem of a party elite increasingly distant from its constituents. Watergate glorified a Democratic reform vanguard that had little relationship to major voting blocks. For the Republican Party, the scandal merely postponed the achievement of competitive status.

IN OTHER WORDS, the decade that belonged to the GOP, the 1970s, was ceded to the Democrats because of a political fluke that disrupted the relationship between economic demographics and partisan politics. The Democratic Party gained ascendancy at a time when the sustained growth of the middle and upper-middle classes suggested, if not a realignment, then a period of Republican strength, as the partisan commitment of the electorate adjusted to relative affluence and to the end of the New Deal coalition. The Watergate-induced distortion of the political process was a political disaster for the Democratic Party—and for proponents of government intervention in general—when 1974 to 1981 unfolded as a period of high-order economic stagnation.

The segment of the Republican Party that best survived the devastation of Watergate was the intensely conservative wing, nourished by its own ideological commitment and by the fact that the ability of conservatives to raise money grew with the election of strong Democratic congressional majorities in 1974 and 1976, and with the election of Jimmy Carter in 1976. Finally the election of 1980 produced a majority Republican electorate that was, in many respects, a top-heavy inversion of the

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Roosevelt majority. By overwhelming margins, Ronald Reagan's strongest support was among the very rich, steadily declining as one moved down the income ladder. In this same period, income became an increasingly accurate demographic predictor of partisan allegiance—better than region, education, and social status.

The immediate legislative aftermath of the 1980 election—the enactment of the 1981 Gramm-Latta budget cuts and the $750 billion tax reduction—reflected the exercise of power by an elective majority dominated by the rich. It marked an alliance between an affluent elite and an intellectually vigorous conservative movement with an anti-egalitarian agenda—two wings of a new establishment often linked by grants from the former to the latter. In the process, the electorate itself has become increasingly polarized by income. In the 1950s and 1960s, there was relatively little correlation between income and partisan allegiance, except among those at the very top—the richest ten percent, who were overwhelmingly Republican. The 1970s and the first half of the 1980s have produced, however, a restoration of Depression-era, income-based voting and partisan commitment, with one major difference: this time it is the Republicans who have demonstrated an ability to win decisive victories.

REAGAN'S 1984 majority was heavily skewed by income class, according to data compiled by Martin P. Wattenberg of the University of California. Like Eisenhower, Reagan got 75 percent of the vote of the richest ten percent, but among the bottom ten percent, who gave Ike 59 percent of their votes, Reagan received only 32 percent. Among the working and lower-middle class, Reagan's 43 percent was 13 points behind Ike's 56 percent; among the upper-middle class, however, Reagan ran seven points ahead of Ike, 64 to 57. The same pattern follows for partisan allegiance. The poor and lower-middle class, who were only seven points more Democratic than the upper-middle class in 1956, by 1984 had become 31 points more Democratic.

Despite Reagan's overwhelming reelection in 1984, the persistent absence of a firm political realignment makes Republican attempts to fashion a permanent majority extremely difficult. In the summer of 1985 the administration proposed a "populist" tax-reform bill in

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a calculated effort to win support among the middle and lower-middle classes—in effect, to cement a realignment. As originally sponsored by Reagan, however, the legislation granted disproportionate benefits to the wealthy, rewarding the most loyal Republican voters but defying populist tradition. In subsequent House consideration, it was Democratic members of the House Ways and Means Committee who gave the legislation a populist edge, redirecting tax cuts toward the poor and middle class, while raising additional taxes from corporations and reducing the benefits for the most affluent. On final House passage, Republican members offered the strongest opposition, reflecting the contradictions between populist political goals and the strength of business and affluent constituencies within the GOP electorate.

FOR the Republican Party, the central roles played by the affluent and by the ideological and Christian right have proved to be both an asset and a liability. The intense concentration of Republican allegiance among the wealthiest voters has provided an enormous source of campaign contributors, a source generally in ideological harmony with the economic conservatism of the party. At the same time, Republican economic elitism and the party's history of demonstrated indifference to egalitarian undertakings continue to be a political weakness that, with candidates less personable than Reagan, can easily, in a country where the median family income has stagnated for the past decade at $24,500, become grounds for defeat. (By contrast, the Democratic Party has been forced to depend heavily on special-interest large contributors, including developers, lobbyists, and PAC directors.)

The ideological and Christian right have been key to Republican Party victories. The ideological right has been a source of sustained moral commitment, not only helping to carry the party through the difficult years of the mid-1970s, but also providing a small cadre of workers to push conservative candidates to victory. Charles Black, a strategist for the Reagan-Bush Committee, the RNC, and for such Senate candidates as Jesse Helms and Phil Gramm, was a founder of the National Conservative Political Action Committee. Such Republican fund-raisers as Wyatt Stewart, of the Republican Congressional Committee, Ann Stone, a GOP consultant, and direct-mail specialist Stephen H. Winchell all learned their trades as executives of the Viguerie Company.

Similarly, the Christian right in 1980 and 1984 provided the GOP with its single most important source of votes. The shift of white fundamentalists to the GOP from 1976 to 1984 was twice as large as that of the young between 18 and 24. Equally important, the realignment of conservative white Protestants was critical to at least half of the 14 Republican House seat gains in 1984 and to Jesse Helms's reelection in North Carolina.

STILL, the Christian and ideological right have severely constricted the ability of Republicans, particularly of ambitious Republicans, to adopt flexible positions on a number of issues—the most salient among them being abortion and a host of family and church-state issues. And the restrictive forces of the religious and ideological right have hampered the members of such groups as the Conservative Opportunity Society, led by Representatives Vin Webber, Newt Gingrich, and Jack Kemp, in moving to the left on the more obviously egalitarian question of South Africa.

On a broader scale, key leaders of the New Right and the Religious Right—Richard Viguerie, Howard Phillips, Marion G. (Pat) Robertson, Jerry Falwell—have supported such concepts as a ten percent flat tax, a highly regressive proposal, and have been ardent proponents of the sustained goal of both the Reagan administration and the business community of sharply reducing the top tax rate, which would lessen the progressivity of the tax system. The commitment of many in the leadership of the Christian right to economic policies benefiting the affluent may, in the long run, undermine the ability of this leadership to produce GOP votes among working- and lower-middle-class constituents. If these voters perceive their own economic interests subordinated to the interests of the rich, their newfound allegiance to the Republican Party is going to be tested.

Within the Republican Party, pressure to choose between competing distributional strategies will depend in part on the solidity and permanence of the surge of GOP partisan allegiance during 1984. If this commitment extends beyond Reagan, and if it proves reliable for a much less charismatic candidate along the lines of Vice President George Bush, the Republican Party will not need to expand its base significantly into the lower-middle class. If GOP gains prove ephemeral, however, then the Republican Party will be under intense pressure to decrease the share of government benefits aimed at the rich, particularly in its tax policies, and to address in a more overtly political context issues of both economic and social equality.

The adoption of an egalitarian political strategy would not only require the GOP to challenge strong constituencies within the party, but would be impossible to initiate under the provisions of the Gramm-Rudman balanced-budget amendment. Gramm-Rudman, if ruled constitutional, has the potential to force the Republican Party to become the party of austerity, returning to its traditional role of fiscal conservatism, abandoning the newfound advocacy of largess and growth through supply-side economics that has given the GOP its current political vitality.

FOR the immediate future, however, the national debate over equality is very likely to take a new turn in which the partisan contest for majority status between the two political parties will play the key role. The growing movement toward middle-class electoral competition has already produced a style of politics capitalizing not only on the pursuit of affluence and individual prosperity, but also on resentment and distrust. "In the 1980 campaign, we were able to make the establishment, insofar as it is bad, the government. In other words, big government was the enemy, not big business," Lee Atwater, deputy campaign manager of the Reagan-Bush '84 Committee, said. "If the people think the problem is that taxes are too high, and government interferes too much, then we are doing our job. But, if they get to the point where they say that the real problem is that rich people aren't paying taxes . . . then the Democrats are going to be in good shape. Traditionally, the Republican Party has been elitist, but one of the things that has happened is that the Democratic Party has become a party of elites. . . . Now you have for the first time two establishments."

With each party carrying the baggage of a distrusted establishment, campaigning will increasingly become a struggle to define the agenda in ways that emphasize the points of dissonance between opposition party elites and the general electorate. For the Republican

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Party, this has become a relatively easy task. The GOP has two advantages: the first is that key Democratic constituencies—blacks, women, and organized labor—are seen by significant portions of the electorate, including each other, as elite-dominated special-interest groups, forcing Democratic candidates on the defensive. More important, Republican candidates are far better able than Democrats to capitalize on a central target of middle-class resentment: high tax burdens and government spending. Attacks on taxes and spending coincide with the interests of the strongest Republican constituency, the affluent.

For the Democrats, there are strong indications that the leadership of the Democratic Party—the nation's liberal elite—is dangerously out of touch with its own constituency, which prevents the party's strategists and elected officials from transforming the political debate in such a way as to focus on the Republican Party's central liability: its ties to the rich and to business.

This conflict within the party is reflected in a series of survey questions reported on in *The American Ethos* that effectively tested the depth of populist perceptions—how powerful is wealth and business?—among segments of the general public and among opinion leaders. Consistently, the general public was more likely than opinion leaders, including liberal elites, to see corporations and the rich as excessively powerful. The general public holds significantly more populist positions on such statements as: "Corporations and people with money really run the country," "When it comes to taxes, corporations and wealthy people don't pay their fair share," and "Working people in the country do not get a fair share of what they produce."

As the partisan struggle increasingly tackles the issue of equality in public policy, Democratic leaders enter into the fray ill-equipped to initiate a populist attack on the Republican establishment. These leaders are inhibited not only by their own allegiance to an elite liberal establishment, but by the moderation of their own worldview at a time when politics requires a willingness to go after the opposition's jugular vein.

THOMAS B. EDSALL

Thomas B. Edsall, a political and economic reporter for *The Washington Post*, is the author of *The New Politics of Inequality* (W. W. Norton).

GUARDIANS OF REPUTATION

Alexander Pope: A Life
by Maynard Mack

(W. W. Norton, 975 pp., $22.50)

For a man so concerned with reputation, his own and others', it is ironic that Alexander Pope came down to the 20th century in the terms of his enemies—toad, spider, wasp, and monkey. There was a place in the English demonology for Pope's Roman Catholicism (and so, in his time, the suspicion of Jacobitism), his shortness and bent back, and his brilliance. It was easy to graft him onto the emblem of malicious deformity—a Thersites or Richard III—and the aesthetic that equated beauty and goodness, ugliness and evil. He also suffered from the cruel paradox that the dissenters, the scholarly pedants, and the fuzzily inept poets he ridiculed so cogently, all turned out to be the meek who inherited the earth. Their descendants were the Whig historians, the classical scholars, and above all, the Romantic poets who succeeded in making great poetry out of the jumble of images Pope parodied and held up to a norm of classical decorum. One of the reasons we still read Pope's poems is that they demonstrate his delight in the mess he was anatomizing while, unlike much Romantic poetry, retaining a tension between the formless and the correct, between self-absorption and otherness.

Pope needs to be seen, as his contemporaries saw him, in the line of the great arbiter poets and conservators of the English language, which includes Milton, Dryden, Johnson, and Wordsworth. He created and perfected a version of the English language that served in prose and poetry until Wordsworth toppled it with *Lyrical Ballads*. Unlike the genuinely subversive (and so easier for us to assimilate) Jonathan Swift, Pope trusted in the efficacy of art and divine providence in a world of public and private disorder, despite a monstrous prime minister at the top and himself, a Catholic and cripple, at the bottom.

Pope's successor, Samuel Johnson, has not suffered the same devaluation because his twitches and splotches were carried around on a huge John Bullish and basically undeformed body. He was humorous and inclusive, not satiric and exclusive. Moreover, he had a Boswell who rendered his humanity in conversation with his friends (as opposed to Pope's rather stilted letters, our primary record of his friendships), and revealed Johnson as a figure who kept the public mask in place only at the expense of great and agonizing effort. Pope had a far more difficult public role to sustain than Johnson, with only a timid Joseph Spence for his Boswell, elbowed out by the overbearing Bishop Warburton, who was more interested in his own fame. It was at least partly because Pope felt, in his last years, that he was fighting a rearguard action that he became overly concerned about how posterity would see him. The self-image carefully perpetuated in his Horatian imitations and his correspondence was interpreted as rank hypocrisy and face-saving by the following generations, who put great store in sincerity and authenticity.

Pope has waited just over 240 years for his biography. George Sherburn's *The Early Career of Alexander Pope* (1934) chronicled the failures of the early biographers and outlined the biographical problems as far as the mid-1720s; it was written for a specialist audience and not intended as more than groundwork for a full life, although it still makes very good reading. Prior to Sherburn there was little but garbled and fragmentary caricature. Since then the necessary editions of Pope's poetry and correspondence (the latter edited by Sherburn) have made a biography possible, and it has long been common knowledge that Maynard Mack was writing it. This great and problematic biography, now completed, exceeds its title, summing up both Popean imponderables, the life and the works.

More than any living scholar, Mack has earned the right to formulate Pope's biography. He has divided nearly 50 years among Pope, Shakespeare, and a career of teaching. I know all three of these activities, having read nearly every word he has written, taken his Pope seminar as a graduate student, audited his Shakespeare lecture course as

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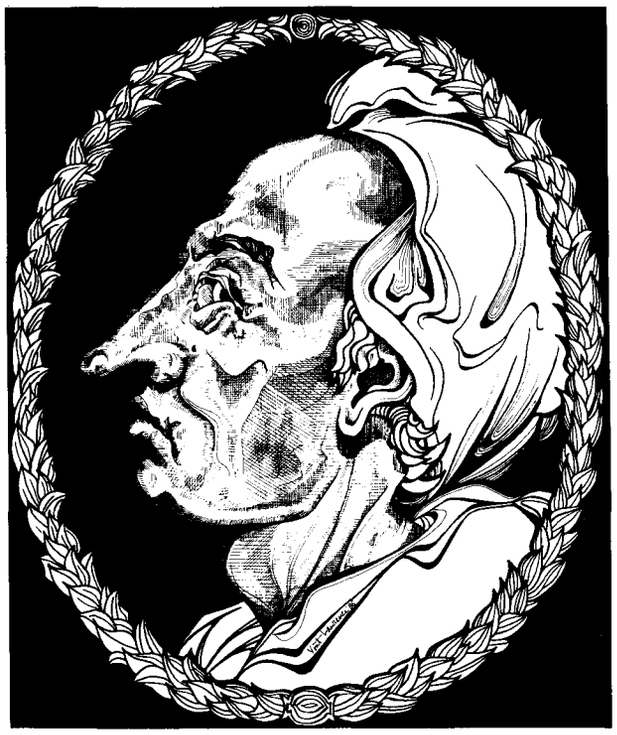
an undergraduate, and briefly been his colleague. His writings of the late 1940s established the poet "Pope" who was read by students of the 1950s and 1960s; his *Garden and the City* (1969) opened up the submerged aspects of Pope that have been explored by students since. Mack defended Pope against the image of a malicious "monkey ladling boiling oil" on innocent victims by distinguishing the biographical Pope from the conventional "satirist." He defended him against the charge of being "a classic of our prose" by showing how powerfully metaphoric and ironic, how polysemous and ambiguous, was the operation of the Popean couplet.

Besides these seminal critical essays, Mack carried on the patient and selfless scholarly drudgery that made the biography possible. He edited not the glamorous but the difficult and biographically crucial texts: *The Essay on Man*, the translations of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, and the poetic manuscripts. He cataloged Pope's library and explored the remotest Popean minutiae. Even his writings on Shakespeare have formed an appropriate context for understanding Pope the Shakespeare lover and editor.

Mack's biography is as rich and complex as this background would promise. What sets it apart from the other biographies of this period (from Ehrenpreis's Swift, Clifford's Johnson, Pottle's Boswell, or Bate's Keats) is the analysis of the poetry, which is as good as the biography and the history. Mack has distilled his critical as well as his textual findings into the larger unity of the writer's character. The book is clearly intended to be comprehensive. All of Pope, including sometimes rather long quotations from the poems, is laid out to charm, remind, and instruct the "common reader." Mack's generosity sometimes becomes prodigality when he also quotes long passages from other poets who only impinge upon Pope. (Why are two pages spent quoting a poem by Swift on the abandonment of Pope's neighboring villas Marble Hill and Richmond Park?) But the chief virtue, and I am sure Mack's first aim, is finally to make Pope an understandable human being as well as a great artist, as "realized" as a character in a novel and yet plainly one of our half-dozen most important and, as Mack certainly proves, exemplary poets.

The way, insofar as there is a way, to some sense of the "true" Pope—the man behind the role-playing—is through his correspondence. There we see both the friendships he fostered and recorded with a spectrum of the most famous and talented of his contemporaries (Swift, Wycherley, Gay, Congreve, Bolingbroke), and also the process by which he generalized himself. For the correspondence also unfolds the less admirable side of Pope, which Mack does not slight: his tendency to chicanery and self-defensiveness. On the one hand, Pope adjusts himself to his immediate reader to the point of losing a central core of identity; on the other, turning to posterity, he rearranges letters, piecing together fragments from different times and even different addressees. All of this manipulation—which included attributing letters from a lesser correspondent to a greater one (attributing Caryll's letters to Addison, the backs of whose letters "paper-saving Pope" had probably used for his translation of Homer)—was aimed at reconstructing a general and exemplary truth for which material evidence no longer existed.



ALEXANDER POPE BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Mack demonstrates beyond any doubt, however, that the "friendship" about which Pope writes so much is not just epistolary convention but the crucial fact of his personality. Even the broken friendships (Addison, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu) are as significant for an understanding of his character as the lasting ones. The most important inference Mack draws is that friendship was the one moral conviction that led Pope into (often untenable and self-defeating) acts of courage, heroism, and folly—as with his defenses of Atterbury, Bolingbroke, and Swift, and even Lady Mary. These could not have been explained by his beliefs alone, whether religious or political. Pope's satires did follow, as Mack acknowledges, from revenge and reaction to attacks not only on himself, but also on his friends, whom he regarded as an essential part of his own identity.

Beneath or prior to the matter of his identity was the "manliness" that originated as gay-doggishness in his early London years, then became the gallantry that defended Lady Mary's reputation by a violent and scatological punishment administered to the bookseller Curll. Even the initial attack on John Dennis in *The Essay on Criticism*, which elicited the first of the horrific personal attacks, must be attributed not to malice but to a sort of self-assertion parallel to his jokes about taking on London "women," which derived from the need to prove himself courageous and "manly" beyond his size and physical capabilities. At some point this mixture was catalyzed by Pope's growing awareness of his own extraordinary poetic power ("But touch me, and no Minister so sore"), which tended to escalate the action-response pattern that defined the last 20 years of his career.

Pope's "manliness" becomes more interesting and complex when Mack discusses *The Rape of the Lock* (1712-17), the masterpiece of his youth. Although Mack reminds us of its specific occasion in the Petre-Fermor imbroglio, and its mock-epic machinery, he focuses on the poem's importance for Pope's coming to sexual maturity. We see not Arabella Fermor, whom Pope never met, but the two sisters, Teresa and Martha Blount: Teresa, the bright and clever Belinda, the angry Thalestris, with whom one side of Pope at 24 was infatuated; and

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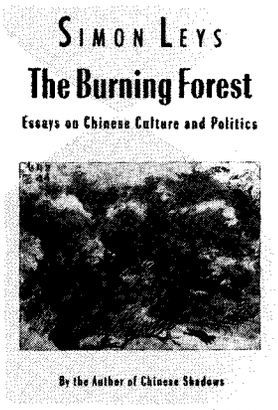
Martha, the quiet commonsense Clarissa, with whom over the next decades he was able to work out some sort of permanent accommodation, less intense but along the lines of Swift's relationship with Stella. Martha and the poetry seem to have been Pope's solution to the problem of sexual fulfillment (although rumors persisted that he had slept with Martha and/or Teresa). The apparent moment of crisis was celebrated in the constellation of *The Rape of the Lock*, *Elegy for an Unfortunate Lady*, and *Eloisa to Abelard* (all three in the 1717 volume of his poems). *Eloisa* sums up these years of romantic idyll that ended with the more intense because more remote affair-by-letter with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, which Pope associates, in his gallantly sad analogy (a sentimental pose of a sort to which he never returned), with the doomed correspondence of Eloisa and the emasculated lover Abelard.

ALTHOUGH it tells us much, "compensation" is not a completely adequate description of Pope's poetic trajectory. Even at the outset of his career, Pope had followed the conventional Virgilian model of the poet who first writes pastorals, then georgics, and finally an epic. But by fulfilling the last requirement with a translation of Homer and a mock epic (*The Rape of the Lock*), he replaced the Virgilian idea of an ascent to a crowning masterpiece with the imitation of a variety of genres, high and low, from the Ovidian heroic epistle (*Eloisa to Abelard*) to the Horatian satire. These imitations were "true" to their originals in the same sense that Pope's Homer, or his own "Pope," was "true" to the reality. "A fine poem, Mr. Pope," the great classical scholar Richard Bentley is supposed to have said, "but not Homer." "Truth" here meant exemplary for Pope's own times. The English Homer made Pope's reputation and fortune: he was, by 1720, the literary arbiter of his age and also the English Man of Letters who broke the hammerlock of personal patronage to become financially independent.

Then in the 1720s came a change in direction. Pope extended the professional Man of Letters by two new projects that brought discredit on his name. The first was his continuation of his translation of Homer with the *Odyssey*, using other translators for most of the work and not sufficiently acknowledging their help. His deception about how much of the translation was his own led to charges of mistreating his friends and of plagiarism (later carried even further when he "imitated" poems by Horace). The second was his edition of Shakespeare and his simple incompetence and carelessness, which were relentlessly exposed by Lewis Theobald in *Shakespeare Restored*. Faced with these slurs on his name and aspects of his identity that he held dearest, Pope altered the shape of his career.

There is no other explanation for the huge overkill of *The Dunciad* (1728-29), a veritable epic on the subject of Theobald and Pope's other critics, whom he balloons into Hectors and Achilles of dullness. This poem is the great epic-satire in English; and the remainder of Pope's career (with the exception of *The Essay on Man*) was devoted to the writing of satire and the pondering of its meaning. If we regard *The Dunciad* as a whole—with its voluminous prefaces and footnotes and appendices—there is no way to avoid the conclusion that the majority of the space is used by Pope to justify his own character as a true recorder of fame surrounded by all of these slanderers. As early as 1715 he had written a minor poem, *The Temple of*

"A clearer lens for viewing China."*



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Fame, that laid out the real function of the poet as Guardian of Fame. Seen in this way, *The Rape of the Lock*, *Eloisa to Abelard*, and the other "compensatory" poems of the decade show Pope establishing true reputations for the defamed and misunderstood. And when he vindicated Arabella Fermor and Eloisa, he was proving himself the poet with the power to metamorphose these contemporary matters into art. At the same time he plainly saw himself as parallel with one or the other of these unrequited, misunderstood lovers. The so-called satires that followed the *Odyssey* and Shakespeare scandals were in fact satiric "apologias," the traditional form in which the satirist justified himself as a moral agent. This was the literary form that Pope now made his own.

THIS interpretation also makes sense of Pope's overly emphatic program, set in motion by the late 1730s, for establishing his own posthumous fame. He arranged for an unprecedented number of portraits and busts of himself, distributed among his great friends and in engravings to the general public; they show him thin and intense, with no indication of a hump. He also filled his own house with portraits of the exemplary and idolized friends in order to complete the Popean mythology. In these years he collected his own correspondence and arranged for an authorized edition of his works, upon which he worked feverishly until his death in 1744.

Pope attributed his need to write satire to the worsening of the political situation during the reign of Sir Robert Walpole and two hateful Hanoverian monarchs; and to the increasing—he believed unprovoked—personal attacks on himself and his friends. The Horatian mask he adopted in the years following *The Dunciad* never quite fit his deeper and more passionate reaction to the horror of history, let alone the personal need to explain himself and set his and his friends' "fame" right. He had, without acknowledging it, exceeded his poses as Virgil and Horace (both of them patronized by the Emperor Augustus), and in a very characteristic epitaph, for one who was *not* to be buried in Westminster Abbey, he wrote:

> Heroes, and Kings! your distance keep:
> In peace let one poor Poet sleep,
> Who never flatter'd Folks like you:
> Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.

His stage-managing of his self-image has kept us from seeing that this Virgilian-Horatian poet was in fact an Ovidian poet of passion and pain, and that his poetry, at first a huge and complicated act of compensation for his disablement, ended as a vast self-vindication for the flaws in his act of compensation.

WHEN Mack describes Pope's idea of the poet's task as "to write in a public idiom, and always within a program of reference calculated to draw poet and reader into a community of experience, first with each other and then with other poets and readers of a valued past," he is, I believe, describing his understanding of his own task as well. He regards himself as the bearer of Pope's fame and, merging the functions of biographer and rhetorician, becomes a moralist not unlike Pope himself.

Mack's style is, when critical, as sharp and brilliant as a Pope satire. Walpole "had a genuine paranoia about Jacobitism that could raise oaks out of acorns in his mind overnight." Wycherley's *Country Wife* is identified as a play "wherein a triumphant conjugation of lubricity with wit impaled the whole fashionable society on its own favorite horn." The larger purpose of his style, however, is to generalize and universalize. Upon occasion generalization is extended from Pope's England all the way to "the nuclear button," "the big bang," and other contemporary issues ("No twentieth-century feminist could have said it better"). The object of Pope's attack in *Peri Bathous* is identified as "the 'moderns,' like a certain few critics of our own day, quite insensible of their inanities."

Mack is also following the example of Pope when he surrounds his subject with quotations from the great tradition of English poetry. When Mack speculates (as Pope himself might have) on Pope's walks with "brauny" Wycherley in terms of Falstaff's walks with his spindly squire, the evocation of Shakespeare is just right. But the poetic echoes include Eliot, Wordsworth, and Yeats, and extend to Robert Penn Warren—poets better known to Mack and his contemporaries than to Pope. (He quotes a whole poem by James Wright.) The book begins, "It was the best of times and it was the worst of times," and in the midst of little Alexander's childhood Mack comments: "Bliss was it, therefore, in that dawn to be alive . . ." (slightly undercut by the "therefore"). Shortly after that, when Pope goes out for a walk, Mack has him "putting on a face to meet the faces that he meets" and observing Wren's City churches in the words of *The Waste Land*.

IT WAS Mack's original and brilliant insight in the 1940s that Pope's poetry could be made comprehensible for our time through a reading of Eliot's. As critic and as author of *Prufrock* and *The Waste Land*, Eliot showed how to read mock-heroic poems like *The Rape of the Lock* and *The Dunciad*, and how to interpret Pope's shifting personae in the Horatian imitations. Eliot also served as a model for Mack's influential reading of *The Essay on Man* not as half-baked philosophy of the Blakean sort, but as a Dantean affirmation of the great tradition of Christian humanism. But now, in the biography, Eliot's poetry, which first showed Mack how to read Pope, serves to conflate Pope and Eliot and erase essential differences. Eliot becomes a sort of validation to suggest that Pope is "our contemporary," which Mack well knows he is not. What was most impressive about Mack's early essays was his use of Donne and Wordsworth, for example, to bracket and distinguish what was unique in Pope; these poets are now employed in order to universalize and accredit him.

Most often the parallels between Pope's times and ours are used to clarify what have come to be considered Pope's unsympathetic qualities. This takes the form of describing anomalies of Pope's character as "shared with most of us" or "in most of us." As the whole biography amply demonstrates, Pope was decidedly unlike the rest of us, even perhaps in respect to the degree of his vengefulness, certainly in the power with which he expressed it. The danger of the repeated references to Pope and "us" is to neutralize Pope, condescend to the reader, and use apparent generalizations to conceal special pleading.

Mack is still fighting the battle for Pope's fame—a battle that, to judge by the English popular reviews of his biography, remains still in question. When we read an English reviewer who writes that it was Pope's small penis

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that made him resent both Cibber's anecdote of his visit to a brothel and Theobald's corrections of his Shakespeare scholarship, it is not difficult to see why Mack buttresses Pope with references to Eliot, nuclear holocaust, and our own proclivity for revenge. But the war will not be won through praise-by-association. The facts Mack gives us, with his explanations of the great poems, speak for themselves.

RONALD PAULSON

Ronald Paulson, who teaches English at Johns Hopkins University, is the author most recently of *Representations of Revolution (1789-1820)* (Yale University Press).

The two faces of Huey Long on film.

HERO OR DEMAGOGUE?

BY KEN BODE

Winfield, Louisiana

SEPTEMBER 8, 1985, marked the 50th year since Huey Long's death by an assassin's bullet fired in the halls of the state capitol in Baton Rouge. In Louisiana people paused in remembrance. In newspapers that once had bitterly opposed Long, editorials extolled his accomplishments in brick and mortar. With Governor Edwin Edwards about to go to trial on charges of racketeering, many also noted that Louisiana politics has never fully recovered from the Kingfish. That evening in the state capitol, a short distance from where bullet holes from the guns of his bodyguards still scar the marble walls, the film *Huey Long* had its premier showing. Outside, on the capitol lawn, the Kingfish is buried.

Here in Winfield, Huey Long's hometown, Sadye Hahn recollected to me how she was introduced to that man on a train to Shreveport in 1927. As a member of the Railroad Commission, Huey had made a big name for himself among the little people of Louisiana by picking a never-ending fight with Standard Oil, the state's largest corporation. Sadye was traveling home from college, a teacher in search of her first job. He was making his second race for governor, on his way to politick the next day at a statewide meeting of school superintendents. As Sadye remembers, Huey P. Long slid his suitcase from under the train seat and showed her the white linen suit he intended to wear at the meeting—and later as governor. Beneath the suit she saw two bottles of whiskey. "He was a drinking man, you know," she says.

Huey told Sadye that if she would come to the meeting the next day, he would use his influence to find her a job. Beautiful in her 70s, Sadye Hahn must have been ravishing in her early 20s, and her mother advised against the idea. "Huey Long!" she exclaimed. "Nobody likes him! He drinks and he's a womanizer!" Sadye replied, "Oh, but Mama, this man is going places!" and she ventured to Shreveport to meet her benefactor. At the meeting of superintendents, Huey announced, "This young woman wants to teach school. Who has a vacancy?"

Sadye got her job, and the next year Huey Long got his: governor. For the next seven years, thousands of his friends and supporters also got jobs on Huey's say-so. "He was a loyal man if he was your friend," Sadye says, "but if you crossed him, watch out. He was vindictive. Some people in Louisiana were frightened to death of him. Petrified! I want to tell you, he was born in the right era for a crisis. That was Huey!"

Huey Long was governor of Depression-ridden Louisiana at age 34. Two years later he was governor *and* U.S. senator. In 1932 he helped Franklin Roosevelt hold the South and win the Democratic nomination, then stumped for FDR in the fall campaign. *Time* magazine predicted he would emerge as the Southern Democrat closest to the White House in Roosevelt's administration, "a national Kingfish." In fact, Senator Huey Long was Roosevelt's most important adversary, forcing the New Deal leftward to meet the terms of his own more radical Share-Our-Wealth program, threatening to run for president himself if Roosevelt did not begin to redistribute the wealth. "Under our present arrangement, the life, the liberty, the happiness belong to about one percent of the people," said Huey. "The pursuit belongs to about 99 percent." Then in 1935, mid-career, mid-ambition, mid-stride, it all ended for the Kingfish, age 42 years.

At the beginning of the film *Huey Long*, Robert Penn Warren, the author of *All the King's Men*, says, "If you were living in Louisiana, you knew you were living in history defining itself before your eyes and you knew that you were not seeing a half-drunk buffoon performing an old routine, but witnessing a drama which was a version of the world's drama and the drama of history too: the old drama of power and ethics."

This 90-minute film, produced and directed by Ken Burns, written by Geoffrey C. Ward, and narrated by David McCullough, will open this month for limited runs in Washington, D.C., New York, Boston, and San Francisco, later to be shown on PBS. *Huey Long* is a masterful combination of oral and video history, using still photography from Huey's early years, newsreel and private film, and mini-commentaries from critics and supporters on the scene in his heyday. This is *not* a docudrama. Huey Long plays himself (nevermore will you see Broderick Crawford as the main character), and everything you see actually happened. Yet the film is so skillfully crafted that apprehension creeps through the audience as the inevitable assassination approaches. In recent Academy Award balloting, *Huey Long* came within two votes of winning a nomination. Were Huey still around he would wonder who the ignorant sapsuckers were who failed to vote for his movie, and so do I.

NO PUBLIC figure of the 1930s inspired such violently opposed assessments by contemporaries. The portrait of Huey Long painted by the national press was exploited by his enemies: a dangerous demagogue, cut from the same cloth as Mussolini and Hitler, with designs on a national dictatorship. In the film Arthur Schlesinger Jr. says, "He became as close to a dictator as we've ever had in the United States. He stole and he used force

Ken Bode is national political correspondent for NBC News.

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against his opponents. . . . His motto was 'Every Man a King,' but only one man wore a crown and that was Huey Long."

On the other hand, he is regarded as one of the five best governors in this century, classed with Woodrow Wilson, Robert LaFollette, Al Smith, and Earl Warren; and Long had only one term to win that distinction, a term littered with political battles in a state that hosted the Depression for years before it moved on to the rest of America. Testimony from the poor, uneducated folk from the bayous and red clay hills, people who believe he dug their state out of the mud and gave it a start, fills out the contradictory portrait in *Huey Long*. One man says, "Huey Long in my opinion was the greatest man in the whole world and he's done more for Louisiana than all the politicians combined as far back as I remember." Hundreds of Louisianans of middle age today bear the name "Huey."

Who took the Standard Oil men
And whipped their ass
Just like he promised he'd do?
Ain't no Standard Oil men gonna run this state,
Gonna be run by little folks like me and you.
Here come the Kingfish, Kingfish,
Friend of the working man.
Kingfish, Kingfish,
Kingfish gonna save this land.
—"Kingfish" by Randy Newman

WHEN Huey Long was elected governor in 1928, Louisiana was ingrown. It ranked lowest in the country in literacy, and there were fewer than 100 miles of hard-surfaced roads in the entire state. Long built 2,300 miles more, plus 6,000 miles of gravel roads, and began 12 new bridges across Louisiana rivers. Under Huey, ten percent of the people in the entire country working on road projects were in Louisiana. One of his first acts was to give free textbooks to schoolchildren; before they had to buy the books or leave school. There were free night schools for adults and a new campus for Louisiana State University, a new medical school in New Orleans, a new system of charity hospitals, a new state capitol, and a new governor's mansion. Patronage and public works ballooned, as did the state's debts, and Long restructured taxation so the corporations, utilities, and business would pay.

In the film we see Long posed with children thanking him for the schoolbooks, Long on the hustings in a crowd of thousands with sound trucks scattered about, arms windmilling, shouting into an old microphone to a crowd of intent, gallused, backcountry poorfolk. H. L. Mencken called him "the gutsiest, goriest, loudest and lustiest, the deadliest and damndest orator ever heard on this or any other earth, the champion boob-bumper of all time." At about this time he began to call himself "The Kingfish."

LONG never bothered to conceal his ambitions. When former president Coolidge passed through New Orleans in 1930, Governor Long inquired if the Hoovers, then occupying the White House, were good housekeepers. "I guess so," replied Coolidge. "Good!" Long declared. "When I was elected I found the governor's mansion in such rotten shape I had to tear it down and rebuild. It started a hell of a row. When I'm elected president, I don't want to have to rebuild the White House."

As governor, Long made powerful enemies: big corporations and the oil industries, the plantation clan, the political aristocracy he turned out of office. When they attempted to impeach him in 1929, the Standard Oil Band played at the rallies. In Burns's film we see Huey in the state legislature during his trial, relaxed and smiling, confident he has the votes to beat impeachment because he has bought them. Every senator who stood by him during his trial later received a job or special favor. About that, Huey's son, Senator Russell Long, says (not in the film), "So what else is new?" After the impeachment episode, Huey Long changed his philosophy about dealing with political enemies: "I used to say please," he explained. "Now I'm a dynamiter. I dynamite 'em out of my way."

After 1932, with a loyal, compliant successor in place in the governor's mansion, Senator Long planned to push the boat away from the shore, as he put it, to leave Louisiana concerns behind and gain a foothold in national politics. Once in Washington, he likened the two political parties to the goods of a patent medicine drummer who is asked if there is any difference between his products. " 'Oh, considerable,' said the medicine man. 'They're both good but they're different. That High Populorum is made from the bark of the tree that we take from the top down, and that Low Popahirum is made from the bark that we take from the root up.' And the only difference that I've found in Congress between the Republican and Democratic leadership is that one of 'em is skinning from the ankle up and the other from the ear down."

Brash, backslapping, cigar-smoking Huey Long once sat through a meeting with FDR without removing his hat, thereby staggering public sensibilities in the nation's capital. Newsreels and newsmagazines made him out a buffoon, attributing his entire appeal to what he once was, a poor hillbilly. Glad to accommodate, Huey clowned for the cameras, on one occasion dreamily conducting an all-girl orchestra while its singer crooned his own composition, "Every Man a King":

Every man a king, every man a king
For you can be a millionaire.
If there's something belonging to others,
There's enough for all people to share.

Like Ronald Reagan, Huey Long was persistently underestimated by his enemies, and like the instinctive political genius he was, Long gladly went along with the act.

SENATOR Huey Long saw Depression-ridden America as an enlarged case suitable for treatment by the same methods he applied to Louisiana—bold populist leadership from the White House and a willingness to pass the bills on to the big corporations and the very wealthy. He railed against the Morgans, Mellons, Rockefellers, and Baruchs, proposing to redistribute their wealth; none would be more than a ten millionaire and none would have less than a home, a job, an education, and a radio. Share-Our-Wealth clubs spread nationwide, a vehicle for the Kingfish's national ambitions. When asked if he intended to run against Roosevelt in 1936, Long replied, "If events appear to be what they are now and circumstances are what they appear to be, it's almost certain that I will be a candidate." Long was not alone in stirring America's impoverished. His arm's-length collaborators were Father Charles Coughlin, the Detroit radio priest, and Dr. Francis Townsend, who wanted to give a government pension to every worker over 60.

One who did not underestimate Huey was the British journalist H. G. Wells, who visited in 1935 when the Kingfish was playing picador to Roose-

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velt. Long, said Wells, is like a Winston Churchill who has never been to Harrow. Wells found the New Deal faltering and disaffection with Roosevelt growing. FDR has not gone fast enough or far enough, he wrote, and that is what all the shouting is about.

IN THE early months of 1935, the New Deal was becalmed, the president seemingly more concerned with patching up things with business than with appeasing populist critics. In May the National Recovery Act was declared unconstitutional; Social Security, the Wagner Act (labor's Magna Charta), and Roosevelt's tax bill, which at last dipped into the pockets of the wealthy and the corporations, remained buried on the president's desk. Long picked this time to launch a series of radio speeches (some now reprinted in Henry M. Cristman's new book, *Kingfish to America: Share Our Wealth*), speeches with titles like "Our Blundering Government," "Our Growing Calamity," and "The Need for Truth and Sincerity in Mr. Roosevelt's Policies." Huey Long thundered into the radio microphone, arm whipping wildly up and down, invisible but preaching hope to his listeners, a Depression-weary populace gathered around radios on porches, in kitchens and living rooms. Russell Long, then a teenager living in New Orleans, recalls when his father took to the radio: "On those hot summer evenings, before the days of air-conditioning, one could walk through the city, even in the so-called silk stocking districts, and never leave the sound of Huey's voice from 6 p.m. to well after nine."

In closing these radio addresses Long called upon his listeners to write him in Washington, and it was not uncommon for NBC, which broadcast the speeches, to get 60,000 responses, with an even greater volume arriving at Long's Senate office. Oh, Huey was coming in 1936, and FDR knew it!

Roosevelt never underestimated Long either, but he hoped to tame him. Huey, for his part, initially sized up Roosevelt as a genteel dilettante whom he could run right over. With the Kingfish in full strut, lambasting FDR in the Senate, on the radio and the hustings, Roosevelt decided to open a second front, to make Long defend himself on his home turf. FDR ordered tax investigations of Huey and his cronies. Postmaster General James Farley, the New Deal's patronage chief, ordered all federal patronage in Louisiana to be channeled through anti-Longs. Customs posts, U.S. attorneys and marshals, postmasters, offices for the home-loan, farm-loan, public works, and all the rest of the rapidly mounting federal programs were awarded only to out-and-out anti-Long Democrats. "Anyone working for Huey Long is not working for us," ordered Roosevelt. Thus were Huey's enemies at home able to raise their own patronage army, and thus was Long forced to more extreme measures to control his opposition at home.

At this time, Farley also decided to take a poll of Huey Long's potential as a third-party candidate, one of the first scientific public opinion surveys ever. Farley was surprised: before campaigning a single day, Long would get 11 percent of the vote, and his support was not confined to the South, but spread nationwide. All of Long's votes came right out of FDR's hide, and Farley warned the president that if Huey ran in 1936, he would do to him what Teddy Roosevelt had done as a third-party candidate to President Taft in 1912.

Roosevelt knew that of all his enemies, there was none so threatening as Long. FDR once said, "I can have Barney Baruch any time I let him put his feet under my dinner table." He understood he could not have Huey Long at that price, and that Long, alone among his critics, was reckless enough to gamble his own popularity against Roosevelt's; also, that Huey could win by losing.

IN FACT, Long's plans for 1936 were fully formed. He would go to the Democratic Convention at the head of a handpicked, home state delegation, declaring himself a candidate for president. He knew he would lose, but also that he would gain some support in the South and in the populist belt of the prairie states. More important, he would leave the convention on a wave of nationwide publicity, attacking Roosevelt as the lapdog of the Mellons, the Morgans, and so forth. Charging the two parties as the twin bedmates of disaster, he then would form a third party, Share-Our-Wealth, voicing the aspirations of millions weary of High Populorum and Low Popahirum. The campaign would be bankrolled, Huey told friends, by some of the largest corporations and banks in America, whose representatives had already promised

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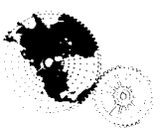

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two million dollars. They saw things the same way as Farley and the Kingfish: Huey couldn't win, but he could beat Roosevelt. Huey, however, was one jump ahead. After four years of Republican rule, he figured, the country would be ripe for Huey Long in 1940.

Preparing for the near-certainty of a national campaign against Roosevelt, Long moved to secure his base at home. Louisiana by now was divided into warring camps, each side with its own militia: the New Orleans police and parish vigilantes for the anti-Longs, Long's personal armed guards and the state police for him. When the Kingfish moved, his bodyguards moved first. At the height of his power, Huey ripped from office parish officials, judges, mayors, anyone who raised a voice against him; opposition newspapers were cut off from all state advertising, a vital source of cash. He brooked no opposition; those he could not persuade, he suppressed. His defenders claim Huey's methods were dictated by political necessity: the establishment he replaced had held Louisiana in political and economic bondage for generations, and no opponent ever got a fair election.

In the national view, however, the Kingfish was a dictator, running his state through a puppet governor with an ironclad majority of supplicants in the Legislature, bloated patronage rolls from which he extracted kickbacks and payoffs, all kept in a "*de*-duct box," over a million dollars and growing, earmarked for 1936.

It is difficult to believably convey the depth of hatred and bitterness among the anti-Longs in Louisiana. Then a professor of English at LSU, Robert Penn Warren wrote of the political mood: "The shadow of the Kingfish—satan or savior, depending on political affiliations—hung over swamps and bayous, the cane fields or the cotton patch." Hodding Carter Jr., the Pulitzer Prize-winning editor, was then newspapering in Hammond, in Tangipohoa Parish, a red-hot locus of anti-Longism. Carter was menacingly hostile in his editorials, saying that Louisiana was in a grip as despotic as that which held Germany, and "there remain only the ancient methods of righting wrongs."

Cecil Morgan, an anti-Long leader in the Legislature, later general counsel to Standard Oil, says the atmosphere was so thick and tense that something had to happen: "Every time there was a gathering of two or three people, someone would say, 'That son of a bitch ought to be shot. . . .' The feeling was so strong that there was hardly any other conversation in the state."

Against this backdrop, Long attempted to shore up his own forces. By constitutional amendment he abolished the poll tax, adding hundreds of thousands of poor whites to the voter rolls (Louisiana still had a white primary), most of them solid for Huey. Russell Long believes this demoted the "antis" in Louisiana to a permanent minority and foretold his father's assassination. Ironic that a man condemned with good cause as a dictator should seal his doom by expanding democracy. Huey also jammed through a bill according all power to appoint election officials to the governor, ending local control and outraging the opposition. To Mason Spencer, an anti-Long legislator, Huey had mounted the white horse of death: "I can see blood on the polished marble of this capitol," he warned.

In August 1935 Long rose on the Senate floor in Washington and told of a plot to kill him, reading from an eavesdropped transcript of a meeting of anti-Longs, politicians, editors, and businessmen, held in the DeSoto Hotel in New Orleans. In the transcript, one participant says, "I would draw in a lottery to go out and kill Long. It would take one man, one gun, and one bullet." The Kingfish charged that his enemies believed the assailant would be pardoned by Roosevelt.

BACK in Baton Rouge in September of that year for a special session of the Legislature designed to increase Huey's power even further, the senator roamed the legislative floor and caucused with his leaders. Rushing from the chamber to the governor's office, he barely paused when a man suddenly stepped in front of him. Dr. Carl Austin Weiss Jr., a surgeon and the son-in-law of Judge Pavey (an old political enemy of Long whom the senator hoped to gerrymander out of a seat), carried a 38-automatic pistol: one man, one gun, one bullet. Apparently.

Early radio reports said only that the Kingfish had been shot, wounded by a single assailant, a man with a mustache and glasses, wearing a white suit. "I was listening to the radio," says Betty Carter in the movie *Huey Long*, "and I heard it on Walter Winchell. I ran down the steps to the office as fast as I could go to see where Hodding was because it said it was a man in white. And, thank God. Hodding was there. . . . Everybody in the state felt that way, among the antis, you didn't know who it was. It could have been anybody." I. F. Stone, the journalist, adds, "I was very impressed with him. But it's a terrible thing to say . . . I was really glad when they shot him. I don't believe in terrorism or assassination, but he could have become an American dictator."

Newsreels of the day squawked Huey's eulogy, "With the capitol his headstone, the capitol where he smashed his way to dictatorship, the ruler of Louisiana goes to rest." One hundred thousand people trekked to Baton Rouge to pay their respects. Funeral trains left New Orleans every half hour and cars backed up for miles waiting to cross the Mississippi by ferry. UPI wrote, "They came in spivers spattered to the windshields with red clay from the byroads leading to the concrete highways that made Mr. Long famous." Huey's anthem, "Every Man

Five Dawn Skies In November

1.
At the roots of clouds a cutworm hollowing
The night, its eyes moonblind.

2.
On the sheen of a lake the moment before wind,
Before rain, a loon floating asleep.

3.
As smoothly blurred as (seen through water) a marten
Rippling among marshgrass.

4.
Deepening into winter, a bear at her burrow
At first light on the first light snow.

5.
A salmon stranded on stones, its mouth still opening
And closing toward the river.

DAVID WAGONER

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a King," played in minor key, was his dirge.

On his way back to Louisiana from the West Coast, Robert Penn Warren was at a small, desert filling station in Nevada when the news reached him that Huey Long lay dying: "Seeing my Louisiana license plate, the gas station attendant said, 'I see they shot your boy last night,' and he began to call some people around . . . and said, 'I want to talk about him.' Long was billed there, you see, as somehow their friend and they wanted me to talk about him. And all the way across the continent I made a habit of stopping at the smallest places, not at big filling stations. Well, people would gather immediately around a Louisiana license and talk about Long, and I got the impression from these conversations that his power was much more diffused than I had suspected."

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 6*

with the fight for freedom at home: "You are not going to get a people to fight for the freedom of Indians in the Punjab if they've been told they may forget the plight of Indians on the Pine Ridge reservation" ("Citizen Kennedy," February 3). Are the people of the Punjab then *not* free? After all, they've just had, as they've had regularly since India gained its freedom, a hard-fought election. I am equally unclear as to what Mr. Fairlie has in mind when he compares those Indians in the faraway Punjab with the ones on the Pine Ridge reservation. Apparently the comparison didn't quite hold up for him either: the Punjab Indians lack "freedom," the Pine Ridge Indians have only an undefined "plight."

NATHAN GLAZER
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Henry Fairlie replies:
Other people do not seem to have had Mr. Glazer's difficulty in reading a sentence that quite clearly referred only to the possibility that Indians (in the Punjab) might one day be in danger of attack from a foreign power—Russia? China? Pakistan? Insofar as the sentence appeared in a piece about John F. Kennedy, he might ask John Kenneth Galbraith, then ambassador to India, if at the time there were not considerable fears for India's independence and survival.

TRB, *from page 4*

Among other things, private savings were enormous and consumer borrowing was negligible (there was nothing to buy), so the debt could be absorbed, and there were wage and price controls to restrain inflation.

Finally, and more from conservatives than from liberals, comes word that the latest calculations show the deficit melting away of its own accord. Our continued economic luck (the oil price collapse, for example) and the multiplier effect of small spending cuts already made have reduced the administration's projection of the 1987 deficit by $60 billion in just a year. The projected 1990 deficit is now closer to $100 billion than the $200 billion level that once floated permanently on the horizon.

This is good news, of course, although the idea of a $100 billion deficit *would have scandalized, say, Ronald* Reagan five years ago. But the administration's calculations also reflect some good news that hasn't happened yet: four more years of robust economic growth with low inflation. The average postwar upswing has lasted 46 months. We're already in month 38 of this one. The administration is assuming 109 months of continuous prosperity. Maybe it will happen. But if it doesn't, the deficit numbers will swell again as magically as they just shrank.

Those who say a balanced budget is unnecessary or even dangerous may have a point, but they're being premature, to say the least. The danger is that politicians will seize on these arguments as an excuse to avoid any serious deficit reduction.

Most problems with the deficit are well rehearsed. But one, possibly the scariest, has gotten little attention: its distributional effect. Inflation is a $150-billion-a-year spending program—almost four times the size of all government programs for the poor—which benefits affluent owners of capital (including an increasing proportion of foreigners). This program cannot be made subject to Gramm-Rudman or any other kind of direct cuts. The only way to reduce it without general budget discipline is through what Professor Eisner calls the "inflation tax." Democrats have called for more inflation in the past (that's what William Jennings Bryan's "cross of gold" speech was about), but we're in big trouble if this turns out to be the big new idea for the 1980s.

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"'ON THIS JOURNEY,' said Jesse Jackson at a memorial service for one of the *Challenger* astronauts, 'there were two women, a Jew, a black, an Asian, [and] white males.' The man leads a charmed life. James Watt got canned for that kind of talk."
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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Befuddled

MY SECRET SIN is that I'm a Republican. Let me explain. My particular political views (for tax-cutting, for adventurism abroad, for welfare programs, for civil liberties, for free-marketeering, against family values) don't seem to fit into either party, so I have my choice. For 14 years I was a Democrat. Then, in 1980, I changed my registration so that I could vote against John Anderson in the Maryland Republican primary; the Democratic primary featured Jimmy Carter running against himself. I thought that voting against Anderson, whose brand of suburban isolationism I couldn't stand, would be more fun than not voting at all, so I switched parties. Since there have been no interesting primaries since 1980, I've stayed a Republican. My wife, who switched the same time I did, finally got too embarrassed and changed her registration back to Democrat last month. I've decided to do the same. It's not the policies of the Republican Party I don't like; it's Republicans themselves. I want to belong to a party of befuddled folks with big hearts.

MY AFFINITY FOR SUPPLY-SIDERS (especially as a putative Democrat) dumbfounds friends. What's a nice guy like me doing with such unseemly characters? I once ran into a pal, a former Mondale aide, at a dinner given here by Arthur Laffer, of Curve fame, and this credentialed Democrat and I stared at each other, surprised and embarrassed: "You? Here?" It was like two respectable suburban neighbors bumping into each other in the dirty-movie section of a videotape store. I remain a true believer in the supply side. There aren't many of us left, even Republicans. The budget deficits have scared the wimps off. You hear formerly confident supply-siders, people who were sure that tax cuts would solve all of our economic problems, talking continually about gold. When they start jabbering about monetary policy (which *no one* understands), you know they're obfuscating; they're losing faith. Not me. I keep this quotation from Robert A. Mundell, the movement's prophet, under my pillow. In 1968 someone warned Mundell, an economist at Columbia University, that tax cuts would naturally produce budget deficits, and Mundell replied: "Suppose it does mean a budget deficit in the United States—who cares? . . . I'm frankly not worried about this problem at all. I think it's a mirage." So far, of course, he's right.

"ALL YOU NEED IS ARROGANCE." This was the advice that the young editor of the *Wall Street Journal*'s editorial page, Robert Bartley, gave neophyte editorial writer Jude Wanniski in 1971. Wanniski hasn't looked back since. The supreme iconographer and propagandist of the supply-side movement, Wanniski makes a good living by charging 110 corporate clients (Avco, Beatrice, Chrysler, etc.) $10,000 to $25,000 a year apiece to explain to them how the world works. One of the services he provides is a biweekly critique of some key magazines, including this one. Now Wanniski has produced his masterpiece, *Jude Wanniski's 1986 Media Guide*, featuring evaluations of major magazines and newspapers, and ratings (from no stars to four) of 300 print reporters and columnists. Wanniski practices a brand of exegesis that has much in common with the fanatical work of Kremlinologists and the *Cahiers du Cinéma* crowd. For example, he ranks among the five most important press developments of the year the naming of my neighbor Howell Raines (admittedly a wonderful man) as deputy Washington bureau chief of the *New York Times*. Best of all, though, are the ratings of the reporters—a combination of wacky overstatement, misinformation, and occasional insight. What I like most is treating writers as if they were restaurants, an analogy not lost on Wanniski himself, who is one of the great feeders and wine lovers (he introduced me to Edna Valley Chardonnay last year). But Wanniski didn't go far enough. His guide should be more like the *Michelin*, with other symbols besides stars: perhaps faucets for reporters who publish leaks, crossed forks for those who can be influenced by a good lunch, rocking chairs for the lazy who don't do much research, and open mouths for writers who blab about their sources. Until Wanniski makes these revisions in his next edition, we're content with knowing that Karen Elliot House and Clyde Farnsworth are *vaut le voyage*.

LIFE OUTSIDE THE BELTWAY. Around this time of year (which is to say, Mardi Gras), I get homesick for New Orleans. But just when I think I can't live another second without a sniff of the *fin de race* atmosphere, in the mail comes a package from my friend Jon Newlin, who edits a New Orleans weekly and has a good nose for Louisiana's fecund folkways. He sends me clippings from the *Times-Picayune*, the daily paper. Mostly they are from articles recounting Carnival balls: "The Filipino-American Goodwill Society held its annual Carnival ball Saturday at the D.A.V. Hall in Arabi. . . . The ball was opened by the captain, Mrs. Mae Faxon, who was costumed to represent Prohibition. She wore a black and white '20s-style gown of crepe-back satin, highlighted by a headpiece depicting a champagne bottle and sparkling wine." But wait. The clippings get better: "Riders in the Krewe of Gladiators parade Friday night did not intentionally throw nails into the crowd, Chuck Camp, a member of the krewe, said Monday. As the riders grabbed beads to throw them, he said, they accidentally yanked loose nails that held the beads. . . . The Sheriff's Office said the nails were roofing nails, but Camp said they were regular nails about 5 inches long." We move on to the Shrovetide story of poor Ms. Dale Chiasson, apparently pursued by an ex-boyfriend with a strange sense of humor: "Last week workers for a company that strips paint with high-pressure water cannons worked over her Gretna home, although she had never hired them. . . . Three baby dolls, their faces blackened and partly melted, were bound with cellophane tape and left on her doorstep. . . . Funeral wreaths were sent—c.o.d." Finally, the best story of the Carnival season, headlined "Alexandria's Mayor Held for Mental Testing." Among other things, the mayor, John K. Snyder, "tried to have two men attending a wedding reception arrested for driving while intoxicated, even though they were not in a car." Last year "he converted a city swimming pool into a catfish pond without consulting the council." So Mayor Snyder was packed off to Shreveport for a psychiatric exam. Befuddled and bighearted, the mayor is, obviously, a Democrat.

J.K.G.

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"The People & The Press," Ad #3 in a series

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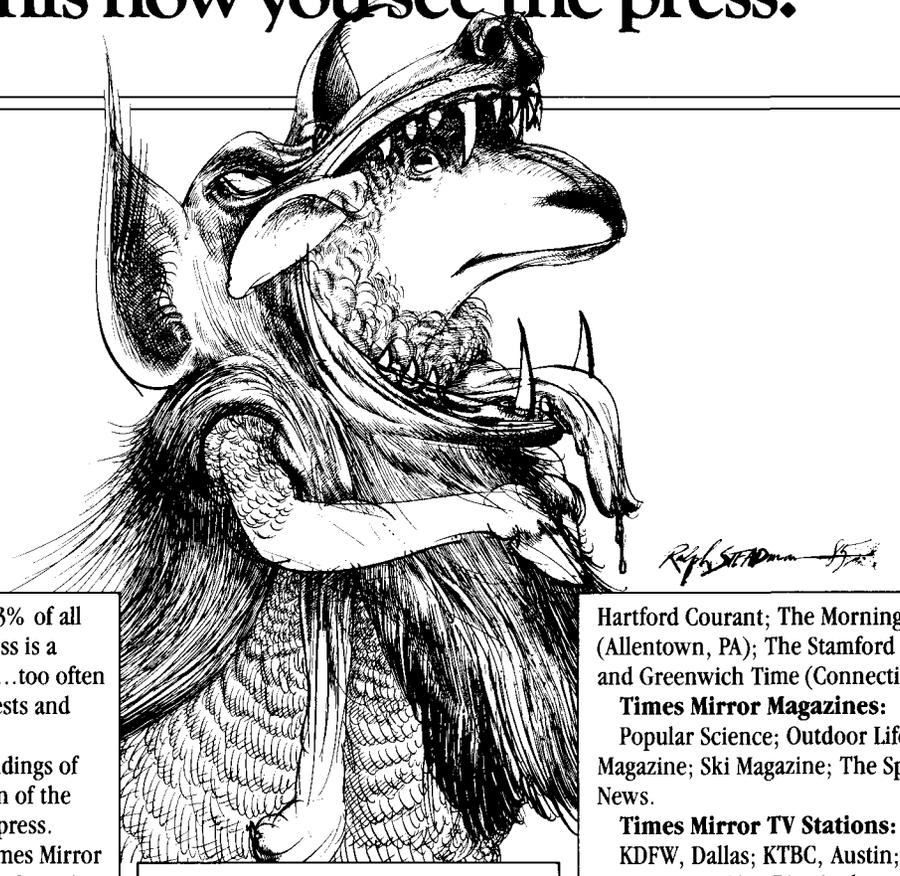

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